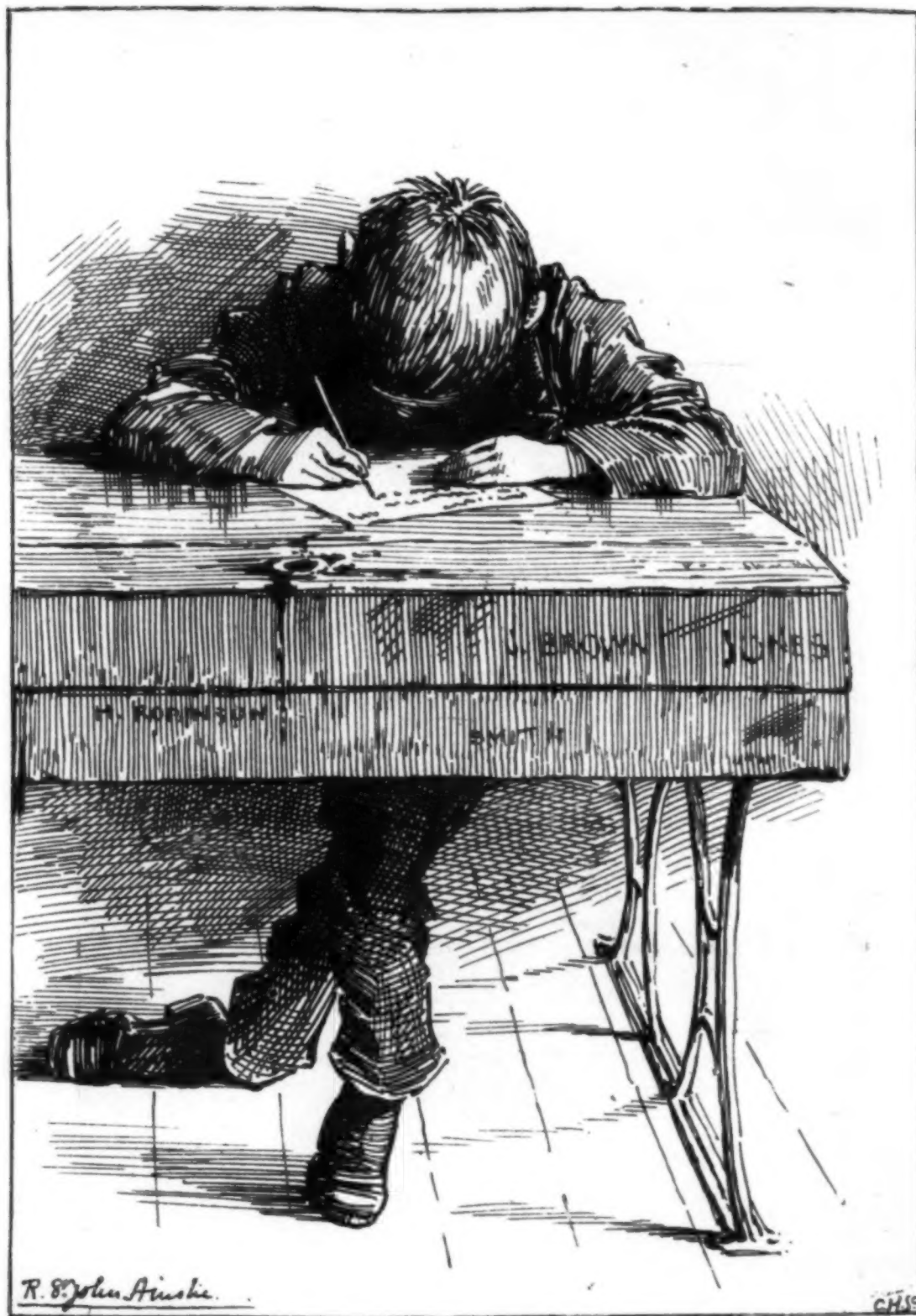


THE PEARL NECKLACE

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THE EXAM.

PUZZLED SMALL BOY: "Who was Balaam?" . . . O yes, I know. (*Writes*): 'Balaam was a good but week man: he was eaten by his ass.'"

DRAWN BY R. ST. JOHN AINSLIE



ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF THIEDE.

SUMMARY:

The first chapter introduces Angela Wycherley, a girl who is discontented with her life as it is regulated by her mother, who "was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out." She desires Angela to marry Mr. Burnage, a not very attractive bachelor of some means. In the second chapter a young man, Claudius Sandell, is found in a faint by a doctor, Gabriel Lamb, outside his house at Wimbledon. The doctor takes the young man into his house and entertains him with perfect hospitality. The young man has been at Eton and Cambridge, but, for some reason which is not stated, is entirely destitute. He is fed, and arrangements are made to provide him with clothes, and Dr. Lamb—who explains that he does not practise, but is entirely engaged in research work—sees him safely in bed, and then explains to the servants and to his wife, who is afraid of him, that Sandell is to be treated precisely as if he had come to the house in the ordinary way as an honoured guest. In the meantime Mr. Burnage has made up his mind to marry Angela, being convinced that he has only to ask her. Just about this time Dr. Lamb, after divers conversations with the young man, writes to his banker instructing him to place £8,000 to the credit of Claudius Sandell. It must be remembered that a conversation between Claudius and Dr. and Mrs. Lamb has put the doctor in a position to clear Claudius with his father. He declines to do it, or to let his wife do it. In the next chapter Dr. Lamb makes an extraordinary proposal to Claudius. It is that he shall have the above-named sum paid in to his credit, eight days wherein to enjoy it, and that then he shall hand over the remainder of his life to Dr. Lamb without condition or question. Claudius agrees. Before he starts to spend his eight days of freedom he is warned by Mrs. Lamb not to come back. On the first day he meets Angela Wycherley, and is so attracted that he at once decides to go to Guilbridge, where she and her people are going to stop.

CHAPTER XI.

CLAUDIUS slept ill and rose early. From his brief sleep he had been awakened by a horrible dream. He dreamed that he saw the doctor's face bending over him; the eyes were wolfish and eager, the lips drawn back a little, the whole expression diabolical. He tried to speak, but could not. As the face came nearer and the horror of it grew on him, he tried to raise his

arms and thrust it away, but he was unable to move. Then he awoke; it had merely been an ordinary and typical form of nightmare.

Yet long after he was awake something of this horror from his sleep haunted him. For the first time a suspicion of the doctor and a dread of the future entered his mind. He banished them at once as reasonless. What the doctor required, he told himself, was an assistant absolutely devoted; there might be experiments which would require constant watching night and day; secrets that could be trusted only to one who first forfeited his right to use them for himself. A thousand explanations occurred to him. He had been told that he was to regard himself as a slave, body and soul; it had been said seriously, and he must be prepared to accept it literally. Yet it was always possible that there had been in the doctor's use of the phrase much of that whimsical exaggeration which was habitual with him. It seemed even probable, and the suspicions vanished. Before the Octave was over they were to return again.

After breakfast Claudius chose the inexpensive pleasure of an aimless walk through the London streets. He had much to think about. His point of view had changed. "The doctor had been right in saying that a year of freedom was too long, if it was to be one's last year; much might happen in that time to bind one to earth and make the farewell bitter. But eight days, one day, even one hour might also be too long. It was little more than an hour that had made the change in Claudius, placed him in the position of one who with the strongest possible motive for living sees the end of life very, very near. He loved Angela though he had seen her but once. "*Quant à nous*," wrote Theophilus Gautier, "*notre avis est que si l'on n'aime pas une personne la première fois qu'on la voit, il n'y a aucune raison pour l'aimer la seconde et encore moins la troisième.*" If Claudius had met Angela but one hour before the doctor spoke of their strange contract, that contract would never have been made. If life meant Angela, then it would be worth while to undergo poverty, sordid struggles, many humiliations, in order to live. Life would then be beyond price. Claudius saw now that among the many mingled causes which had resulted in the contract under which he

was bound there was one which he had not suspected at the time.

Yet, in this tragic position, he had no feeling of tragedy and no unhappiness. He loved, and it was enough. True, it seemed that the ordinary end of love was not for him, but then no lover at first thinks of marriage or possession. Lady Verrider's word of warning was vaguely in his mind—the dim memory of one who was wise from her point of view. He could not bring himself to think that Angela would love him like that. The nauseous vanity of such a supposition was insufferable. He hoped that she would be kind to him and let him see her often. On his part he knew that he was not free to—he hated the banal words—to make love to her. Doctor Gabriel Lamb seemed a shadow, and all the previous incidents of Claudius's life seemed obscure and unsubstantial when he thought of Angela. She was the light. In the joy of thinking that for these few days he would often be with her, he could forget that when those days were passed he was to leave her for ever. On one point he forced himself, however, to be clear—doing this much justice to Lady Verrider. He would take advantage of the strange guess that Angela had made at dinner the night before to tell her everything. He did not believe that in this point it mattered one straw whether he deceived her or not, but all the same he would not deceive her. She should know exactly how he stood. Until he met her, he had decided not to tell anyone the story of his contract with the doctor. But if anyone could possibly think that he ought to tell Angela, then he would tell her. He would leave it for the night to settle how much and how little he should tell her then. But certainly she should know all as soon as might be managed.

In the afternoon he went to Guilbridge and took three rooms at the hotel there. He returned and dined in town. Half-way through dinner it occurred to him that he would have preferred another wine, but he did not commit the extravagance of ordering it. Of course, he might have taken the entire hotel at Guilbridge and ordered the entire wine-list in London. But, perhaps, one of the best proofs that it was not for the thousand pounds a day that he had sold himself, was that he constantly forgot that he had a thousand pounds a day. The doctor had strangely insisted on his side of the

contract—it had little or no interest for Claudius.

Mrs. Wycherley had not a thousand pounds a day, but she had no doubt that her husband had been making money lately—within the last fortnight. He had. In his mild and unpretentious way he had been practically gambling, and gambling for far more than he could have afforded to lose. It is a pity to have to record it, because its effect may be deplorable on those—if any—who hear about it, but Mr. Wycherley had won. Having won, he had decided not to gamble any more, but to stick to his legitimate business. He kept to that decision. Once only in his life did he sell shares which he did not possess in a mine which practically did not exist; once only did he buy shares for which he would have been unable to pay from people who had not got them to sell. These two speculations, although they may not look promising when stated baldly, put money into Mr. Wycherley's pocket, and left him quite satisfied that dabbling in mines was a dangerous business, and he must never touch it again. He did not tell his wife any of this. He did not want to make her anxious. Besides, in matters masculine and commercial Jessica did not know anything about anything, and explanations were tedious.

But still she noticed things. Mr. Wycherley one day tasted the party-champagne. On enquiry he found that he had six dozen of it. He sent that six dozen off to a hospital, remarking drily that it ought to be drunk in some place where the doctors were handy. Also he thought that, after all, he might as well have some wine that he could drink himself. And he ordered that wine. Then, again, he suddenly discovered that the house needed to be re-decorated. Jessica and Angela were to go to Guilbridge while it was being done, and Jessica might have those Oxford Street people she was always talking about to do it. No, he wouldn't go to Guilbridge himself. When a man leaves his business, his business leaves him. Besides, there ought to be somebody in the house to keep an eye on the workmen.

Mrs. Wycherley was delighted. "Things are looking up in the city then," she said.

"We get along somehow," he answered with a sigh. It was his invariable reply to that question.

He would not let Mrs. Wycherley keep her own carriage. "Be reasonable, Jessica, in people in our position that would be ostentatious——"

"Mrs. Bodgers," Jessica began—Bodgers by the way had joined Mr. Wycherley in that speculation.

"Bodgers is a fool—a fair judge of port, but in many ways sadly wanting in discretion. No, you may have that hired brougham sometimes—well, pretty often. You can fetch me from the office at five, now and then, if you like."

The first time that Mrs. Wycherley and Angela fetched him from the office, he enquired of them vaguely: "What's the name of the place where you get your clothes?"

They suggested several places.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wycherley. "This is more comfortable than the 'bus. Mustn't do it every day though." Then he relapsed into silence.

But presently he added, "I don't like your clothes, Angela, and I don't like your mother's either. We'll go and get some more." On this occasion he was wildly generous, insisting on Bond Street and the best of everything. On the next afternoon he came back on the 'bus though, and—not to make a penny fare into twopence—walked the last quarter of a mile. Mrs. Wycherley had a few people to dinner that night, and the invaluable Jameson assisted. After the dinner, Jameson retired to the basement and spoiled a previously immaculate career by getting drunk on about equal parts of kitchen beer and upstairs curaçoa. He did not appear again, fortunately, until the guests were gone, and then he attempted to leave the house surreptitiously. That is to say, he took off his coat, folded it neatly over his arm, opened his umbrella, and came up into the hall. Here he paused, possibly to add some further touches to the disguise, and was discovered by Mr. Wycherley. Mr. Wycherley had been enquiring the reason for Jameson's absence, and had been told by a euphemistic parlourmaid that "Mr. Jameson had come over very strange in his manner." Mr. Wycherley was, in fact, looking for Jameson.

"Mister Wy'l'y," said Jameson with dignity, "I've know your family many yearsh, and I'm man as liksh to shee ev'rythin' tidy roun' 'bout me. Ev'rythin' qui' tidy, and then I'm—I'm as I ought to be." He lowered himself into one of

the hall chairs. "You'll 'shcuse me for shpeakin', bur when thingsh are understood, then they're—they're ash they ought to be. And ev'rythin' ought to be ash it ought." With which remarks on the *comme il faut*, Jameson immediately fell asleep. He was removed from the house in a four-wheeled cab, and he never returned to it. Mrs. Wycherley, aghast and much upset, said she was deeply and truly thankful that this shocking scene had not taken place when the guests were still there. Mr. Wycherley said: "Get a permanent man, Jessica—good, but not too expensive. Get him to-morrow." It was the crowning extravagance. It was this permanent and perfect person who hovered at the doors of Mrs. Wycherley's salon when Claudius entered. Claudius, generally self-possessed, felt himself almost trembling with excitement to-night. He could not, however, see Angela at first. Mrs. Wycherley—breaking in waves on a black velvet shore—shook his hand warmly and was so glad. She handed him on to a clever girl in the wrong pink with the smudgy complexion that almost always goes with much soul. She talked vivaciously and so did Claudius. The buzz of conversation around them made most of their remarks inaudible to each other, but neither minded it much. As Claudius was talking, he caught a glimpse of Angela. She was standing at some distance away in the window, and an undersized young man with yellow hair and a make-up tie was openly and rather nervously adoring her. He was one of the world's under-studies, and there were many of them there. However, Lady Verrider had almost promised to come and bring her title. Mrs. Wycherley did not despair of the evening's brilliancy.

Angela was in white satin and silver, and the dress had cost a great deal of money. She was feeling quite all right about herself, as far as appearance went. But her eyes were sad and thoughtful. She knew that Claudius was in the room—had glanced once rapidly at him, found him looking intently at her, and not dared to glance again, until she heard his voice and he was shaking hands with her.

"May I be introduced to nobody and talk to you all the rest of the evening?" said Claudius.

"Thy servant is the daughter of the house," she said "and has duties——"

"Which I am sure Mrs. Wycherley performs to perfection. Has the daughter of the house also had supper?"

Angela rose, put her hand on his arm, and the two joined the stream flowing supper-wards. "Isn't that a charming dress?" said Angela, "I mean the lady right over there in the corner."

"I should have thought so."

"You must think so."

"I have seen one I admired more."

"Which? What colour?"

"If my audacity may be forgiven, white and silver."

"Oh, this! Yes, it's pretty. I tried to dress like an angel and I've come out like a wedding-cake. I didn't dare to go into supper before for fear some one would cut a slice."

"I will protect you."

"Me? No, protect them. Think of their disappointment. It's true, though, those that go often to dances and things always become gradually exactly like some dish in a ball-supper. Their dresses are no longer trimmed, they are garnished. Their expressions alter too—get creamy like a mayonnaise, luscious like a macedoine, virulent like a boar's head, patient and vacuous like a cold fowl. Every chaperone looks like a cold fowl. I know one of them will get carved by accident one of these days."

Their talk at supper-time was not much more serious. Angela was happy, bewitching, and in rather mad spirits, apparently. She introduced Claudius maliciously to several people. She had a way of making others fall into her mood. Many dull and heavy people sprang into wit at her end of the table that night, and wondered when they got home with approving wonder at the things they themselves had said.

Afterwards Claudius took Angela out on to the balcony. Here striped canvas made a sweet seclusion for two lounge chairs, a tiny table, a shaded lamp, and a potted palm.

"Well," he said, "and now we are out of the crowd."

"My crowd, please. Poor little struggling crowd! I must go back to it soon."

"Before you go I have something to tell you."

She leaned right back in her chair, a graceful creature, her pretty white hand playing with her ivory fan. Her eyes had grown sad again, almost plaintive



"I CANNOT HEAR IT NOW"

under the long lashes. Her red lips had lost their garb of raillery.

"Yes," she said, "you have. But there is one thing—tell me nothing if you would rather not. We met by chance. I guessed something by chance. I ought not to have guessed—shall we leave it?"

"It would be kind of you if you would let me tell you."

"Yes then, tell me. I am interested. I guessed that you had something of importance at stake, and—why should I not say it? I have thought a great deal about it since."

"Have you?" he said eagerly. "Have you? I have myself, my life, at stake. No doubt it is chiefly important to myself, but it is more important to myself than I thought once. By a promise given—a contract made—after a few days I become body and soul the property of another man, his to kill or to keep alive, his to do just as he likes with, his utterly until one or other of us dies."

There was a moment's silence. Angela's eyes were wide open. "You astonish me," she said. "It is a fairy story. I cannot understand."

"It is literally true."

"Yes, that—of course. But I do not understand how it happened—how it *could* happen."

"The story is long. I don't want you to think too badly of me. When I gave my promise I thought—I thought I was right. I'm sure enough now—God knows!—that I was wrong. It is a long story, but if you have the patience to hear it, I will tell it you."

Angela rose from her chair and clasped her hands. She was thinking. "I cannot hear it now," she said, "because we must go back. I am not quite sure whether I want you to tell me it or not. That has nothing to do with patience or interest, of course. I am interested—it is all so strangely romantic! My possible reason for not hearing it would be—be different. Did you not say that you expected to be at Guilbridge?"

"To-morrow. Your mother has promised to bring you to dine with me at my hotel that night. I am hoping to see you very often."

"I wonder why you spend your last days there. No, don't tell me—not now. Perhaps one day at Guilbridge I shall ask you for the whole story. Will you tell it me then?"

"Yes—whenever you wish it."

"You have given me the impression that you are a lonely man, and sometimes that you are unhappy."

"I ought to be unhappy. I do not think I am—strangely enough."

"I want," she faltered quickly and suddenly, "to give you my sympathy." She stretched out both her hands, and he held them for a second. Her face had grown pale, she looked to him unspeakably beautiful. He checked an impulse, and they passed back into the crowded room together. A formal farewell followed. On his way home he felt glad that he had not made love to Angela Wycherley. Better men have similar illusions.

After all the guests had gone, Mrs. Wycherley had a talk with Angela.

"We met him last night," said Mrs. Wycherley, with fat gaiety, "and again to-night, and we're to dine with him to-morrow, and he means to see us often at Guilbridge, he tells me. I'm sure I don't know what it means. Perhaps you could tell me, my dear."

Angela sat down beside her. "Mamma dear," she said, "I am going to be serious."

"What? Is it? At last?"

"To-night Mr. Sandell told me something of his private affairs. He will not and cannot marry——"

"Then why——"

"I wish to see a good deal of him during the next few days. I am grown-up. You must trust me completely."

"Yes, darling Angela, I *do* trust you. But is this right in him? And is it—is it, dear—for your own happiness?"

"Yes, I think so. The circumstances are strange. You know me, mamma dear, and you trust me. That is sweet of you. Leave this to me, and don't ask me any more questions now. I will tell you all one day, if Mr. Sandell lets me, and I am sure he will."

"My dear, this is terribly upsetting. I wonder—no I won't ask any questions. Of course, he does not make love to you."

"Don't say those words, mamma dear. I do *hate* them so. No, no, he has not."

She honestly believed it. Better women have had similar illusions.

Mrs. Wycherley allowed herself to be persuaded on every point. In her heart she supposed that here was but some temporary obstacle, exaggerated by Angela's imagination, and that although Angela might not think it now, she would yet be happily married to Claudius Sandell.

CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE Claudius left for Guilbridge on the following morning, he sent a messenger to his old lodgings, to recover the manuscript of his novel. The motive of living had come now, and come too late. It was his whim to see if the means of living would not come also now, and with a similar irony. The book

to ask was, indeed, one which, practically, had been asked and answered before. Yet there seemed to him just the barest possibility that the doctor might change his mind, and—if not—it would be something definitely to know the worst. Besides, it was possible that the doctor's answer might throw some light on the



"I DO TRUST YOU"

had been refused, when refusal meant despair. Possibly it would be accepted when acceptance could bring with it no hope. He sent the manuscript off to another publisher. In the note that accompanied it, he said that as he was leaving England, an early decision would greatly oblige him.

At the same time he despatched another messenger with a note to Dr. Gabriel Lamb. It was only after long consideration that he had decided to send it. The question which he wished

future—on what was to come when the Octave was over. In the course of the letter Claudius wrote: "Is there any consideration which would make you rescind our contract? If, for instance (though I cannot imagine anything of the kind could happen) some stroke of luck made it possible for me to repay to you twice or three times the sum that you have advanced to me, would you then—if I asked it—give me back my promise? Or is there any other way?"

There were several arrangements be-

sides that Claudius had to make before his departure, to supplement the resources of a provincial hotel and make things more worthy of Angela. She had mentioned that she had meant to ride, when she was at Guilbridge, if she found that she could hire a horse that was suitable; Claudius had to make it certain that that horse would be forthcoming and without any necessity for hiring it. Just as he was leaving for Guilbridge, the man who had taken his note to Wimbledon returned with a verbal message that the doctor would send his reply by post that night.

At the last moment Mr. Wycherley decided that he would accompany his wife and daughter down to Guilbridge, see them safely established in their lodgings, and then return to dine at his club. "You don't understand about trains, Jessica," said Mr. Wycherley, "and you might let these lodging-house people be too—too independent. I'll just come down with you and see that you really get there." So Mr. Wycherley put on a light tweed suit; he had bought it and paid for it, but it did not look in the least as if it belonged to him—guided his wife and daughter safely through the intricacies of Waterloo Station, and finally conducted them to their lodgings at Guilbridge. There he explained to the landlady that a variety of things which she was sure she had never been asked for before would be both asked for and insisted upon. Then, with a consciousness of duty done, he took Mrs. Wycherley and Angela for a stroll on the heath previous to his return to the station.

Here Claudius chanced to meet them, and he would not hear of Mr. Wycherley going back to the station. He had been told that Mr. Wycherley was not coming to Guilbridge, but as he had come he must certainly stop and dine with him. Angela seconded the appeal. "Do stop, papa, there are lots of trains after dinner, and you can't eat your poor little dinner all alone in a solitary club."

"There was a chance—well, half a chance—of my meeting Bodgers at the club. I said something about it, and he said something about it—but nothing definite."

"Mr. Bodgers must dine alone," said Claudius. "A telegram to the club, in case he goes there, and the thing is settled. You really must not disappoint me."

"And," added Mr. Wycherley, "I've no clothes with me except what I stand up in."

"That doesn't matter in the least. I also will dine in this very identical suit, if you like. There's the last excuse shot dead."

"O, well," said Mr. Wycherley with mild geniality. "I'm sure I'm not anxious to make excuses. If you'll take me as I am, I'll come with pleasure. Very kind of you." The pleasure was quite real on Mr. Wycherley's part. Young people did not as a rule make much fuss with the little man, or seem particularly desirous for his society. He felt rather flattered.

The hotel proprietor did not feel flattered at all. Claudius had taken some trouble about this dinner; there had been various importations from London which seemed to the hotel proprietor to cast imputations on the quality and extent of his resources. He ventured respectfully and grandiloquently to remonstrate with Claudius, and he did not obtain a lengthy hearing. "Go away and don't bother," said Claudius. "I know that what I've done is unusual, but no slight to you is intended by it. I must have my own way, and I expect to pay you for the privilege."

The actual dinner was short and simple. But the wine, the Venetian glass, the linen, the silver and cutlery, the flowers and fruit, even the oak table on which the dinner was served, had all come from London, and the arrangement of the table had been wrested from the hands of the hotel head waiter and given to an imported, superior and professional person. And this was all done for the entertainment of a mature lady in a tea-gown that looked like a dressing-gown—or it may have been a dressing-gown that looked like a tea-gown—a young girl in pink, a young man in a tweed suit, and another tweed suit with an older man lurking in its interior. But then the girl in pink had eyelashes, and very pretty ways, and was sympathetic. Even the hotel proprietor could see this.

And he was stirred to emulation. He himself stood in the kitchen, closely inspecting, wisely directing, even with his own hands adding last touches, while the dinner was being prepared. He himself decanted a bottle of port, that was one of a remaining three, long ago taken out of the wine list and reserved



"MOST PLEASANT AND SENSIBLE YOUNG MAN"

for the most rare and exquisite occasions. The dinner was short and simple, but it was perfect. "You know," said Mr. Wycherley, mildly, "I was once at this hotel before — came over with Mr. Bodgers one Sunday. But they didn't do me like this. Yet we ordered our dinner carefully—very carefully. Bodgers is always careful about that. This—this is miraculous."

"You flatter me," said Claudius, laughing. "Hotels won't trouble themselves for mere men, I believe: you should have brought your wife and daughter with you."

"No, no," cried Angela, "I protest against that. I'm not going to be taken about the country as a decoy-dinner even for my own starving father. It's too sordid a rôle."

Claudius changed the subject. "Now," he said, "I do take to myself some credit for the view from this window. I think I've arranged that very well. Will you please look?"

Through the open window one saw a big yellow moon and a clear night sky, in front the tops of the dark trees in the garden outside and beyond the dim low hills. "Now that is nice," said Mrs. Wycherley.

"You don't think," asked Claudius, "that it would have improved the composition of the picture if I had put my moon a little more to the right?"

"Don't be irreverent, Mr. Sandell," said Angela, reprovingly. "It's too far-awayly lovely!" She sighed. "I don't think any of us deserve it, except, perhaps, me."

"Ah, well," Mr. Wycherley said, "views are not a thing that I'm much of a judge of. Now this port——"

"That is to remind us that we are to leave them to drink it, Angela," said Mrs. Wycherley. They passed into the next room. Mr. Wycherley settled himself again and filled his glass. "This port," he continued, "is not the port that they gave my friend and myself when we were here, Mr. Sandell. Shouldn't have believed a country hotel had got any of it."

"I seem to be particularly lucky," said Claudius.

Mr. Wycherley rolled the wine round in his glass meditatively. "Luck," he said, "I wish there wasn't such a thing. It's the ruin of legitimate business."

Claudius led him out of this subject.

It was Mr. Wycherley's own subject, and he talked exceedingly well upon it. In a dry and unpretentious way he gave Claudius glimpses of the romantic side of commerce. He had stories of the mining market that were worth telling, and he told them. When he paused Claudius started him afresh. On the subject that he thoroughly understood Mr. Wycherley became fascinating and interesting. He was, it appeared, strongly opposed to avoidable gambling. "Of course," he said, "all business is nowadays more or less of the nature of a gamble. But there is avoidable speculation, and the number of men that go in for it is astounding. Some make fortunes, more get broken. I won't touch it myself."

Mr. Wycherley, it will be observed, did not say that he never had touched it.

"A man came to me to-day," he went on. "It was that friend of mine, Bodgers, I spoke to you about. He wants me to buy some shares that are at present on the rubbish heap. He's seen the last report from the mine, not yet published, and it's very favourable. He knows that a syndicate is just being formed in Paris to deal with the shares. I'm convinced that his information is as good as it can be, and I can trust him as I can trust myself. But for all that I'm not going to touch it."

When they had rejoined Mrs. Wycherley and Angela in the next room, Angela told her father that he had been behaving very badly and she had a great mind to send him to bed at once.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Wycherley, "what have I done?"

"You have been talking business after dinner, which is wicked of you. No, I didn't listen at all. You raised your voice once and I couldn't help hearing the words, 'three hundred per cent.' I won't have any 'three hundred per cent.' after business hours."

"I never have it during business hours," replied Mr. Wycherley. "I confess I've been talking 'shop,' but it is really Mr. Sandell's fault. When I stopped and apologised, he made me go on again."

"O—oh! How cowardly!"

"But perfectly true," added Claudius. "I can't understand this prejudice against talking 'shop' Miss Wycherley. If a man speaks of something that he really and specially knows, and makes it exceedingly interesting, why should he be stopped

with the word 'shop.' Everybody ought—at times, at any rate—to talk his particular 'shop.'"

"Very well," said Angela. "If he really has been interesting, he may sit up a little longer. I wonder what my own particular 'shop' is."

"You professed," Claudius said, "to have a special gift for appreciating the moon. I don't know whether there was anything in it."

"And, by-the-way," Mrs. Wycherley remarked, "what a pity it is we can't see it from this room! So pretty it was."

Claudius suggested the hotel garden. The night was fine and warm, and Mrs. Wycherley was sure it would be most pleasant. All four went downstairs, and out into the gravel walk. Here Claudius and Angela passed on in front. When they were out of hearing Mr. Wycherley said:

"Don't know when I've enjoyed an evening so much, Jessica. Most pleasant and sensible young man, that. Who is he, by-the-way?"

"Son of Sir Constantine Sandell, my dear, and a great friend of Lady Verrider's. She speaks most highly of him. And money—as you see."

"Does he want to marry Angela?" asked Mr. Wycherley, bluntly.

"Ah, my dear, that's where I'm puzzled! There may be a certain something, though Angela doesn't say there is; but there's something else rather in the way, at present. I don't know whether you see."

"I don't," said Mr. Wycherley, laconically.

"And I don't know that I do either exactly? Angela was really most mysterious. If the child has a fault, it is that she won't discuss things enough. She wants me to take no step at all, to leave things to her, and one day she will tell me."

"It sounds all wrong and rather shady," said Mr. Wycherley. "If he's entangled with some other woman——"

"Oh, I don't think it's that!"

"It generally is that, Jessica. You see, you don't know about things. If it is, he has no business here—for he's obviously here for Angela?"

"Shall I speak to her firmly—take her away?"

"No. It is not necessary."

"But, my dear, you said it was all wrong."

"I said it sounded all wrong. You were never exact enough in your language, Jessica. As a matter of fact, it's all right, I believe. It sounds as if he were entangled with another woman and had no business to be after Angela. On the other hand Lady Verrider, who is devoted to Angela, introduces him. Also Angela is independent and takes care of herself; girls have more freedom now than they had when you and I were young—they've got use to it—don't lose their heads over it. Also there may be nothing in it, and as it's a question of a few days only we'd better not interfere—unless something fresh and different happens."

"How you do see the reasons of things!" said Jessica, admiringly.

"Besides, I'm much inclined to like the young man—and I don't often like anybody on sight. If dining out were always like this, you'd get me to dine out more often. Small dinners, no crowd, no tinn'd humbug to eat, and good wine to drink—that suits me."

Mrs. Wycherley was switched into her favourite topic at once.

"I never had a better appetite," she observed. "It may be the country air, or it may be the railway jerking being good for the liver, which Maria *always* said. But, for me, I had a capital dinner. And, afterwards, not a touch—not a twinge. You know how it is sometimes."

Mrs. Wycherley expatiated with some plainness of speech on how it was sometimes. Her husband listened, or appeared to listen, patiently. He was smoking an excellent cigar, and placidity came easily to him.

On ahead Angela and Claudius walked together. They saw the golden moon through gently swaying branches. The summer night was lavish of its poetry. Angela's voice was soft and touched with emotion. She spoke of the most matter-of-fact commonplace things, but her personal glamour made them beautiful to Claudius. She wondered if she would be able to find anything to ride in Guilbridge—perhaps the hotel let out horses. Did Claudius know?

Claudius said that he himself had a little mare there—had bought her because she was beautiful and cheap, though he didn't know what to do with her beyond selling her again. He would be very glad

if Angela would try her. On the following afternoon perhaps they might ride together over to Deepwater. Mrs. Wycherley might drive and meet them there. There was a picturesque inn by the river, where they could get tea. It was arranged. And it was all commonplace, and yet it brought back to

Claudius's mind echoes of a poem that everyone knows and loves :

*I and my mistress, side by side,
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So one day more am I deified.*

And the possible days were few and flying with terrible swiftness.

A VISION OF SPRING.

'NEATH unnumbered silver arrows—

Silver arrows from the quiver,
Of a cloud—the waters shiver
In the woodland's grey domain.
And the whispering of the rain
Tinkles sweet on silver Teign—
Tinkles on the river.

Through unnumbered dim recesses—

Dim recesses soft in lining
Of green moss with ivy twining—
Daffodils, a sparkling train,
Twinkle through the whispering rain,
Twinkle bright by silver Teign
With a starry shining.

'Mid unnumbered little leaf-buds—

Little leaf-buds surely bringing
Back the Spring—song birds are winging,
And their sweet, wild notes again
Throb across the whispering rain,
Till the banks of silver Teign
Echo with their singing.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Black and White Artists of To-Day.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

THIRD PART.

GORDON BROWNE, youngest son of Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz," was born at Banstead, Surrey, and privately educated. He studied for a very short time at South Kensington Art School, but disliked the method of teaching, and so went to Heatherley's in Newman Street, where he studied from the life. He worked for a short while under Mr. Cooper, the engraver, with the object of learning how to draw on the wood. This knowledge is of very little use in these process days. He was elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists in 1890, and of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in 1896.

It is hardly necessary to detail at this date the facts of Phil May's career: his early struggles in London, his brilliant work on the *Sydney Bulletin*, and the success that followed, on his return to London, the publication in the *St. Stephen's Review* of his illustrations to "The Parson and the Painter." Since that time he has worked indefatigably, and many of his drawings—as, for instance, that of the inebriated lion-tamer seeking refuge in the lion's den from the eloquent reproaches of his wife—have become classic to us moderns. At present his work is seen only in the pages of *Punch* and the *Graphic*. He was recently made R.I.

J. Watson Nicol is more generally known as a painter of admirable figure-

subjects than as an artist in black and white. That he can work well in this way, however, he has demonstrated more than once, notably in some illustrations contributed to the last Christmas number of *Black and White*.

Fred Pegram was born in London in 1870, and commenced illustrating for the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1886. Since when he has worked for the majority of illustrated papers in London. He studied drawing at the Westminster School of Art under Mr. Fred Brown (now Professor at the Slade School) and also in Paris.

Joseph Pennell is one of the many American artists who have settled on this side of the Atlantic and prospered. His charming drawings have given delight to thousands, and especially to them that know

and love their London. He had much to do with the founding of the Illustrators' Society. He is also an art-critic, and is supposed to have discovered the early work in black and white of great painters belonging to the generation which has now almost closed. His opinions are invariably decided, and there is usually no hesitancy in the manner of their expression. He has worked much in collaboration with his wife, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, supplying illustrations to her vivacious text.

Ernest Prater was born in London, but is of Cornish descent. In the beginning of his career he was employed in



GORDON BROWNE
Photo by Goodman and Schmidt, Margate

commerce, and it was then that he began to practise drawing. He is a great athlete and knows the ins and outs of every active form of recreation ; he has served for eight years in the 3rd Middlesex Artillery.

Charles Robinson is a young and exceeding promising artist, whose work first attracted particular attention when

T. H. Robinson is a brother of the previous artist, and not the only brother who does good work in black and white. Like his brother he has hitherto confined himself chiefly to book illustration. Among the volumes he has decorated with drawings may be mentioned *Old World Japan*, by Frank Rinder, and a recent edition of the immortal *Cranford*.



PHIL MAY: THE CAMERA'S VERSION

he illustrated Robert Louis Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* the Christmas before last. He has worked much for *Black and White* and *THE LUDGATE*, and many religious publications have gained from his drawings an artistic merit not always found in things of their class. Last Christmas he illustrated two books: *The Child-World*, by Gabriel Setoun, and *Make-Believe*, by H. D. Lowry, both of which were published by Mr. John Lane.

J. A. Shepherd was articled to Mr. Alfred Bryan, the caricaturist, for three years. He began to work for the *Strand* early in 1892, and his "Zig-Zags at the Zoo" ran in its pages for twenty-six months. After this came a series of illustrated fables in the same journal. It is still running, and will do so until four-and-twenty numbers have appeared. He is working on a set of books in colour shortly to be produced, and thinks well of them. He hopes eventually to

settle down to painting. Finally, to quote his own words: "I have closely observed and sketched every possible form of animal life, and if I shut my eyes I can vividly trace my subject, and call up my subject, and follow it in every possible position. What a shocking example I should be if I gave way to drink!"

Charles M. Sheldon, whose friends lately had the pleasure of welcoming him back from the Soudan, where he represented *Black and White* with such conspicuous success, was born in 1866, in Indiana, of Kentucky stock, and grew up in Iowa, which is the paradise of boys. His grandfather was a publisher, and he did his first work under the supervision of the artist in charge of the lithographic department of the business. At twenty he travelled through the Southern States with the special correspondent of the American Press Association. He

ran an engraving business in Kansas City, then moved to Chicago, and finally, in 1890, came over to Paris, where he worked under Lefèvre and Constant. He sent sketches of Parisian events to the *Pall Mall Budget*, and when he came over to London on a visit, the editor, Mr. Morley, invited him to stay as a regular member of the staff. Three years later, when the paper was sold to Mr. Astor, he was the only artist who held his post, and he continued to draw for the *Budget* until its death. Since then he has worked chiefly for



PHIL MAY: HIS OWN VERSION



J. WATSON NICOL



FRED PEGRAM
Photo by Mona, Brighton

Black and White and THE LUDGATE. Early last year he established a record by starting for the Transvaal at an hour's notice, and when the Soudan campaign began he travelled up the East Coast and joined the forces. Some of the excellent drawings he did for L.

Black and White, the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, Cassell and Co.'s publications, the *Pall Mall*, *Strand*, and *English Illustrated* magazines. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy.

E. J. Sullivan writes in reply to a



JOSEPH PENNELL
Photo by Elliott and Fry

Cope Cornford's *Captain Jacobus* when it appeared in these pages have been reproduced by Methuen and Co., who publish the story in volume form.

C. A. Shepperson began by studying for the Law, but in 1890 began to study art, in Paris at first, under Roll, Humbert, and Gervex, and afterwards in London at Heatherley's. He has worked for

question: "My 'career,' as you are good enough to call it, began when I was nineteen, in Mr. Thomas's room at the *Graphic*, when Mr. C. N. Williamson, afterwards founder of *Black and White*, wrote me a note of introduction to the secretary of the Joint Dock Committee for a permit to sketch in the Dock during the great strike. Since then, though the time is short enough, the

story of illustration generally has been one of revolution. At that time process was hardly used at all by the big weekly papers, which kept large staffs of wood-engravers constantly employed. Even *Black and White*, starting as a new departure, was particularly lavish in this way, and the daily papers printed no illustrations at all. Now all is changed. The *Chronicle* is one of the best illustrated papers going, and re-



ERNEST TRAUER

Phot. by J. C. Fraser & Co., London

cently I, with many others, made drawings for the *Manchester Guardian*. The *Daily Graphic* started at the beginning of 1890, and I had two exciting years on its staff, doing the greater part of the portraits that appeared in its columns during that time. I remember doing thirty-six Non-conformist delegates in one day at the rate of five minutes apiece; but the result, I confess, was very bad. My friend Jones and I did forty-eight Irish



CHARLES ROBINSON



T. H. ROBINSON

churchgoer of me, as a series of eminent preachers which I did for him testifies. I still feel a slight grudge against things in general that at that time I tried hard to get poster work to do when nothing but blood and thunder appeared on the hoardings, but was told that no artist need apply. When the *Pall Mall* changed into Mr. Astor's hands Mr. Hind asked me to join his staff on the *Budget*, and I worked continually for it until its decease. Here I illustrated many stories by Barry Pain, H. G. Wells, Pett Ridge, and others, winding up with John Oliver Hobbes' *The Gods, some Mortals and Lord Wickenham*. Since then I have occupied myself mainly with book illustration, with only occasional flights into journalism. *Lavengro* appeared in the spring of last year in Messrs. Macmillan's

members one day between us, racing each other. I am happy to say I beat him on the post by Tim Healy and Michael Davitt. I was also sexton to the *D.G.* 'graveyard,' in which were buried eminent statesmen, poets (even editors), &c., who were considered not long for this world. Happily, many of these portraits have not yet appeared, or when they do, now and again, it is to welcome an explorer home again or a statesman's return to political life. After leaving the *Daily Graphic* I had an interval as a freelance, mainly occupied with magazine work — chiefly for the *English Illustrated*, then in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan. I also wrote and drew a good deal for Mr. Latcy, of the *P.I.P.*, who made a great

J. A. SHEPHERD
Drawn by A. Bryan

Illustrated Standard Novel series, and *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and Sheridan's *Rivals* and *School for Scandal* will appear immediately in their Cranford series, while I am engaged at present on one of Marryatt's novels for the same firm. Mr. Dent has just published a new Walton's *Angler*, for which I made the illustrations. This brings me right up to date. I have been a little over six years in London, and shall begin soon to think I have served my apprenticeship."

Another article to be published next month will bring this series to a close, accomplishing the purpose of the editors: to make familiar to magazine readers the faces of the men to whom they are indebted for so many pictures monthly.



CHARLES M. SHELDON
Photo by Van der Weyde



C. A. SHEPPERSON
Photo by J. Weston and Son



E. I. SULLIVAN
Photo by H. H. Cameron

The Fire of Stones.

A WINTER'S TALE.

WRITTEN BY NORA HOPPER. ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD.

MAURICE McCAURA came back into his dismantled and roofless cabin with an armful of stones torn down from the fence which insufficiently protected from north and east winds his little field. McCaura after McCaura wrung from its poor soil year after year a scanty crop of potatoes—scantier still of late since north and east winds had evidently made up their minds to hold and have altogether, as their own special fastness, this little cultivated district in Kerry. The stones clattered down on the trodden earth floor with a suddenness that brought a faint cry from the lips of the old woman crouching in a corner of the hut with a sandy kitten asleep on her knees.

"Wirrasthree! and it's soon ye're back, Maurice agra: but angry feet go fast, mo bhron!" And she bent again to croon over the sleeping kitten, chuckling softly to herself.

"An' the stones were not far to find, by my sowl!" Maurice McCaura said, shortly. Old Mairgread chuckled again.

"Ay: sure there's many things not far to find, Maurice Dhu," she said. "But it's not ivery man knows where to look for thim—is it, now? What would ye have known av the Fire o' Stones av it had not been for ould Mairgread?"

"Niver a word," Maurice said, quickly, "an' the betther I'd have been for that same, I'm thinkin'. As for the stones," he looked down at the little pile of flints at his feet, with angry brooding eyes, "there's a power av *thim* in this countryside. Go out av this, Mairgread: an' the rist av it I can do. Go out av this, agra"—touching her stooping shoulder with a gentle hand—"an' take pusseen wid ye. I can light the fire."

"Ay, sure: but ye must have a woman to watch it, and to spake the words over it that should be spoken—and gra, machree—" the old woman rose,

straightening her bent form, with a flash in her faded eyes, "gra, machree, who'd spake thim betther than Mairgread McCaura—ould Mairgread that young Dinnis Iveagh used to call his creevin' cno and the pulse av his heart—an' the black heart 'twas."

"As black as his son's head," McCaura said, with a short laugh. Mairgread's faded eyes flashed again.

"Sure an' ye may laugh," she muttered, "being only a far cousin—but my brother Shane didn't laugh galore to see the comether he put on me, so that I couldn't find heart to pay him even with words. But 'tisn't his son I'll be after sparinn'—no, Dinnis Iveagh, I won't—an' sure I hope ye have ears to hear me, wherever ye are—and 'tisn't his son's wife ayther."

"Let the Sassenach be," Maurice McCaura said, with a flame in his sombre brown eyes. "She didn't take the roof from his house: an' the Fire o' Stones won't be built by me for *her*—an' ye'll kape her name from your black prayers, Mairgread, av ye're a wise woman."

"Sorra wisdom have I," old Mairgread said, wearily. "But I'm not saying a word av Kate Iveagh, Maurice: an' I wish ye would not ayther, gra."

"Have I named her name, Mairgread Rua?"

"Ah, sure it's the name laste on the tongue is the worst to be feared," the woman said, shaking her gray head, whose early glory of auburn hair had won her her name of Red Margaref thirty years since. "An' sure I wish it was oftener on your lips, Maurice avick."

"Ay, an' I wish wishes galore, Mairgread," the young man said, sombrely, "an' they dhrap an' die shtill-born."

"An' little loss to ye, ayther, I'm thinkin'," Mairgread said, sharply. "Look now, have ye the turfs——? Set a light to thim now, an' its' I will blow thim to

a flame : wirra ! Would ye say me nay in this, pulse av me heart, an' me waitin' thirty years an' odd for this good day ? Alanna, thirty long years : an' is it your father's son would say your father's cousin nay ? Maurice—— ? ”

“ Have your will with the fire, Mairgreed McCaura,” Maurice said, speaking Irish for the first time, “ but I kindled it, remember.”

“ Augh, why wouldn't I remember ?

work in the nearest town, still it would be work for another, and his foot would be no longer on his own field—and very few understand what that means to “ Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan ” and her sons.

“ If 'twere not for Mairgreed I'd go beyond says at wanst,” he muttered to himself, “ and thin, perhaps, there'd be a chanst av forgittin' what takes the stren'th from me heart an' the sowl from



“ IT'S SOON YE'RE BACK ”

Sure, I do nothin' else we'd my life but remember, an' wisht that I did not that same,” Mairgreed muttered as she stooped over the little fire. Maurice McCaura shrugged his shoulders and went out of the roofless cottage and into the centre of the stony potato-patch. Stony and a heartbreak it might be, but it had been his own, and he stood looking at it with eyes full of a sullen sorrow : for though it would be comparatively easy for a strong young man to obtain

me body. What's the mätther wid the woman ? An' what's she singin' now ? ” He turned to listen : then as a word or two came fitfully to him his face changed. “ Mairgreed ! ” he muttered, “ what divil's work are yez dhrivin' me into ? Mairgreed ? ” He raised his voice. “ Hould your whisht, an' let the song be.” But Mairgreed's voice went steadily on, gaining in depth and sweetness as she sang : and this was the substance of her song :

*Not sweet with wild honey
From combs o' the Shée,
But bitter with sorrow
Is this song o' me.
But my song, Acushla,
Sweet to no maid's ear,
I lay it upon you
To heed and to hear.*

"Have yez finished?" Maurice said, with a harsh note in his voice, as he strode across the threshold and laid his hand on his cousin's stooping shoulders. "Mairgreed, let ill alone." But Mairgreed had filled her hands full of ashes, and now rose up erect as a young girl, a triumphant light in her faded blue eyes. And she sang on:

*You shall eat, Acushla,
My honey and bread;
You shall drink my wine
Though a priest gainsaid,
Though the Shée in pity
Made you deaf and dumb——*

"To the bitther ind, thin," Maurice McCaura said, desperately. "The rist's for myself, Mairgreed. Stand aside." He took the handful of ashes from her, went to the door and threw them out in an easterly direction—muttering as he did so, first a woman's name, and then the last words of the song Mairgreed had left unfinished:

*Though the Shée in pity
Made you deaf and dumb——
I lay it upon you
To hear and to come.*

He drew a deep breath when they were said, as one might whose heart's desire was within reach at last, and going back into the cabin bent down to build up the "Fire of Stones."

Late that night there came to that same fire a woman whose thin dress was all be-draggled and briar-torn, whose brown eyes were full of sleep even while she knelt down beside the fire to warm her hands, chill with the river mist. Maurice McCaura started up from his dark corner with the cry of "Kate!" stifled on his lips: for the brown eyes were not the saucy provoking eyes of Kate Iveagh, and the mouth fell into sadder lines, while the left hand was innocent alike of wedding-ring or any others. "What devil's work have we done?" he muttered. "Or is it the Shée have sent the wrong woman for a mock at me? Are yez a woman at all, at all,

or a Shée yourself?" The girl heard the muttered query and turned her dreamy eyes full on him.

"I am Kitty Inchiquin," she said, speaking in a curious monotone. "Why did you call me?"

"Saints above!" Maurice said, vehemently. "I did not. I niver set eyes on yez before this day. Sure, the Shée have be-divilled us both."

"You called me," the girl persisted, gently, "and so I came."

"Tis dramin' yez are still," Maurice McCaura said. "Why would I be after callin' yez that I niver saw?" The girl's eyes darkened a little, and her dreamy face was disturbed: in spite of the mesmeric spell that held her senses, she was recalling dimly how the McCaura's handsome sullen face had enlisted all her girlish sympathies at first sight, just a year ago. There was a dreadful pause broken by the sound of a hurried footstep, and Maurice McCaura lifted his eyes to see his late visitor noiselessly flitting out into the night. Then he forgot all about Kitty Inchiquin, for a hand was laid on his arm, and he saw Kate Iveagh standing beside him, as tall as he was, and magnificent in her black velvet gown, with moonstones glimmering in her black coils of hair. He turned with a cry and caught her gloved hands and kissed them passionately. "Avourneen, cushla machree! An' you came at last! O, the Shée are kind now an' thin, Kate agra—only for an hour 'tis I know," as she bent her stately head to meet his kisses. "An' you'll niver remember it—but *I* will, all my life. An' the many proud looks you've flung at me, Kate, an' the proud words you've given me: an' now here you are wid me, like any colleen that runs barefut, Kate." He laughed harshly as she shivered in his arms and kissed her again. "There's no forgittin' Dinnis Iveagh's wife ye are, an' I'll not forgit it: but av ye were a colleen, pulse av me heart, it's I would keep the comether the fire has put on ye. What was it ye said?" Kate Iveagh's dusky eyes were brimming over with tears: they fell slowly drop by drop on the hands Maurice McCaura still held. "I hate you," she whispered, "Dennis, I hate you. If it were not for little Maur—" Maurice McCaura dropped her hands as if he had been stung and drew back a step. "So ye hate him, pulse av me

heart! An' if ye were no mother—wake up an' go back to your boy." He set his heel heavily on the smouldering turfs and ground the fire out of them; and as the last flame flickered out he saw the wonder and terror of waking in Kate Ivagh's eyes. He heard her cry out her husband's name as she groped her way out into

"Yes," she panted, "it is all out in the valley. I must have been walking in my sleep again, and ——" She stopped



"ARE YEZ A WOMAN AT ALL?"

the night, and then she was back in the cabin, panting out some incoherent words about the river. "Has it risen?" Maurice asked, quietly, as she caught at his : r.n.

abruptly, as a last gleam of the fire showed her Maurice's face, grave and compassionate. "Shall we be drowned, McCaura?"

"An hour will let us know," Maurice said, curtly. "Let go my arm—I'll come back." He had seen the gleam of a light gown passing in the darkness outside, and going swiftly out he drew a wet girlish figure into his arms, calling her by name, "Kitty Inchiquin!"

"Let me go," the girl said, fluttering in his grasp like a frightened bird. "I am going home."

"Across the river, colleen dhas?"

"Awake or asleep, you'll not go to your death, colleen dhas," Maurice said, sternly: and Kitty's white little face flushed a little. "It was a cruel thing to do," she said, faintly, "—for her." Maurice's dark eyes flashed as they met hers. "And yoursilf, colleen dhas?" Kitty's lips curved into a pale smile.

"I am here, now," she said. "And, if we are to be drowned, I am not sorry to



"MAURICE WENT A FEW YARDS FURTHER"

Maurice said with a faint laugh. "'Tis a long way round, sure—for the river's up."

"Let me go," Kitty Inchiquin repeated, hurriedly. "I know the way—I know the way." "'Tis as well, colleen dhas, that ye do that same, for ye'll have to show it to two others to-night, maybe," Maurice said with a grim smile. The moon was up now, and Kitty Inchiquin turned her sad brown eyes on his face with a look of reproach, though there was none in her voice. "Let me go," she said once more. "I am awake, McCaura."

be here, McCaura. Let us go to Mrs. Iveagh now."

"I am here," Kate Iveagh said, breathlessly. "Have you found out any way of escape, McCaura?" Maurice went a few yards further down the field and found himself knee-deep in the icy water.

"No," he called back, "but I am going to see. Stay there, both of ye, till I come back." Kate Iveagh turned and caught her companion's arm. "Do *you* think there's danger?"

"Yes," Kitty Inchiquin said, quietly, and Kate drew her breath sharply.

"Well—*somebody* won't care much. It is Kismet, I suppose." She made a plucky attempt to steady her voice, but the fingers that held Kitty Inchiquin's arm shook and burned. "Who are you? I don't know your voice."

"I am your agent's daughter."

"Inchiquin's daughter? What are you doing here?" Kitty Inchiquin smiled.

"You have been walking in your sleep, Mrs. Iveagh," she said, quietly. "Perhaps I was doing the same—who knows?" Kate Iveagh released her arm sharply, and drew back, flushing darkly all over her handsome face. "I am sorry for you, Miss Inchiquin," she said, coldly. Then silence fell on them until Maurice's return. "Ye must make haste," he cried, "for the wather's stronger than I am. There's a little way to wade, an' thin a risin' ground, an' maybe we'll be able to keep the life in us there."|

"Not here?" Kate hesitated, looking from one face to the other, both set and pale and stern, with no trace of the fear visible in hers. Maurice shook his head, and held out his hand. "Slip down an' I'll hould you fast, niver fear. Make haste."

"And her? Must you leave her behind?"

"He is coming back for me," Kitty Inchiquin said, with a little soft laugh; and Kate stepped down into the water, clinging desperately to her guide. Maurice pushed her up on the small island of dry land he had found, and stepped down into the whirling water again, fording it with infinite difficulty, for it was waist-high now and rising every moment. Half way across his hands touched a fold of a soaked gown, and the next minute Kitty Inchiquin was clinging to him.

"Ye came across by yourself, colleen dhas?" he said, holding her tightly to

him. "Why did ye, thin, but to shame me?"

"I came—to you," Kitty said, faintly. "Is she safe—the other Kate?"

"Safe enough," Maurice McCaura muttered, steadying himself with difficulty, as the girl was swept off her feet. "If we were wan half as safe—saints above, colleen dhas, hould fast." For Kitty had loosened her clasp, and her head had slipped from his shoulder. "Colleen dhas, put your arm over my neck, an' hould on."

"No," Kitty said, softly, in his ear. "Save yourself, and go back to her."

"Not I."

"Let me go." Kitty was struggling in his grasp now, until it was all he could do to hold her, strong man as he was. "No." Maurice McCaura bent his head, and kissed the white face lying on his shoulder. "By my sowl, I believe the Shee made no mistake to-night whin they sint you first to me, colleen dhas." Kitty's cheeks were all in a flame now, and her eyes were bright with shy happiness, though the water was dragging her deeper down every minute. "The Shee are very good to us," she said, lifting her happy eyes to his. Their lips met, and then the river rose breast-high, swept Maurice from his foothold, and hurried the two on their way with desperate haste, blotting the light from Kitty's eyes and the smile from Kitty's lips with a whirl of broken white water, and stopping Maurice McCaura's ears to Kate Iveagh's cry. Next morning a rescuing party found Kate Iveagh half distraught with terror, but quite unhurt, and brought her safe to her husband and child; but the river keeps Maurice McCaura and Kitty Inchiquin among its secrets. And since then, with Mairgreed Rua, has died the antique custom of kindling the "Fire of Stones" at Holland-tide.





TARNISHED GRANDEUR

On an Ancient House.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

*O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear
The place is haunted!*

PERHAPS no weird ruin ever better corresponded in every particular to Hood's famous verse than does Emral, the deserted mansion of the Puleston family. It is situate in the valley of the Dee at a distance of some fifteen miles from Chester, and the utter desolation of this dead abode of living memories, this ruin of splendours long vanished away, is of a nature to creep into the very heart and bones of the beholder. Who needs to be told that such a place is haunted? Surely the "sense of mystery" broods here if anywhere? Full well we know that shadows from the Century's dawn must tread these rotten floors, gaze out upon the moonlight and mists of silent nights, show their dim faces at the casements, fight once more their battles, now written for us in musty records, live again in the habits of their time, projected and visible from the far past.

Emral is little known and few souls intrude upon its sinister seclusion. You shall, indeed, find upon its panels, where they rise nakedly in the ancient banquetting hall and elsewhere, the names of certain fatuous idiots writ large in chalk or charcoal. But these persons we have always with us; no solemn associations are sacred to them, no consciousness that they stand in a theatre of remote human tragedies would give them pause. They have come upon hired brakes to this ancient spot, played hide and seek through the old chambers, peered with vulgar eyes for blood-stains upon the floors, shrieked with vulgar laughter and simulated vulgar fear, fouled the venerable walls with vulgar writings and so made an end of their vulgar pleasure. These are they who prophesy concerning horse-races in secret places and would, if they could, print their own vile names across the face of the sun and

moon. Now is their hour: here are to be seen Jones, Smith, Green and the rest. They will be nameless soon enough. But Emral is no longer subject to the insults of the base. A year ago or more, Sir Richard Puleston passed away and his heirs have shut up the haunted house.

sneg," or the English Maelor. At the end of the reign of Henry III. occurs an important event in the history of this little patch of county. About that time one Gryffydd ap Madoc—a powerful Welsh Prince—was forced to shut himself up against his enemies at Dinas



DECAY AND DESOLATION

The derivation of the name itself is doubtful. Some trace a connection between Emral and 'emerald,' and reasonable ground obtains for such an opinion. Emral stands in the parish of Worthenbury or the Welsh Gwerddem; which latter word denotes an emerald. Worthenbury, itself is within the borders of a small, detached portion of Flintshire, known in olden times as "Maelor Sae-

Bran, a fortress whose ruins crown a height of the Dee Valley to this day. Before Gryffydd's death, in 1270, he bequeathed the "Maelor Saesneg," to his wife Emma (Audley); and she it doubtless was who erected the first "Emral" on the site of the present ruined mansion.

But the Prince's widow was soon robbed of the property he had left to her, for ten years after her husband's



DAYLIGHT AND DUST

death, we find Sir Robert de Crevequer being put in by Edward I. as a bailiff, and a year or two later the King gives Emral to Sir Roger de Pyvelsden, whose family he held in high esteem. Sir Roger, a direct descendant of the De Pyvelsden who came over with the Conqueror, and who had settled some two hundred years before in Shropshire, was presently appointed Sheriff of Anglesey, and collector of the taxes levied in North Wales. This latter business he conducted so zealously that it led to his death, for an enraged native populace, driven mad under much taxation and hard foreign rule, fell upon the knight, made him close

prisoner and presently hanged him at Carnarvon Castle. In the next reign this gentleman's son, also named Sir Richard "of Emral," represented the borough of Carnarvon in Parliament; and after a lapse of six long centuries, another Puleston — Sir John Henry, to wit—appears as the Governor of Carnarvon Castle. Sir John, it may be noted, was knighted in 1887, and is a descendant of the Emral Pulestons, but bears not their title. The first example which occurs of the modern spelling of the name appears in the time of Robert Puleston, about the year 1400. He it was who married Owen Glendower's sister, and forfeited Emral by reason of the support he secretly extended to his famous brother-in-law. The place, however, was presently restored to him.

To enumerate all those distinguished members of a family which has held Emral for eight-and-twenty generations is not our purpose; but the famous Sir John Puleston, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, must be an exception. He lived to see Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. on the throne; his career, indeed, only terminated a few months before the Restoration; and as builder of the oldest existing portions of our



TWILIGHT

haunted house he commands particular interest. The old Judge does not appear to have been a very keen supporter of King Charles, and in that respect differed from his neighbour, Sir Thomas Hanmer, of Hanmer Hall, who raised troops for his monarch and

former ruins; but how much of the previous structure exists in the present is not exactly to be determined. Emral Hall, as it now stands—in haunted dignity, waiting for Time's hand to lay it level with the dust—is built to form three sides of a square. It consists of two



PASSAGE-WAY ON TO STAIR-TOP

quartered royalist soldiery in his mansion. Emral, on the other hand, was held for Parliament, and fell to the King's forces in March, 1644. That it was more or less demolished at this period, like many another stately country house, there is little doubt; and it seems equally certain that the greater part of the present mansion rose upon the

wings, facing north and south, and a wide front which connects them and opens upon the west. A moat lies before the house and winds round its southern wing, while in its rear runs the little Colbrook river, and other water may be seen glimmering in the park. Fine woods rise round Emral and splendid vistas and glades open through the forest

on every hand. To return to the architecture, it is said that the wings before alluded to were added to the main building by Sir John Puleston's great-grandson, while the older and more interesting portions of the front were erected after the wars by the famous Judge's son, Roger.

Ivy hides much of windows and doors alike to-day, thrusts enquiring fingers in at the casements and climbs to the roof itself; but we must struggle through the creaking portal if we are to see the interior. Braving giant spiders and the thousand creeping, crawling things that now inhabit the deserted mansion, we find ourselves in an echoing hall of stone at the foot of the dismantled staircase. This was once a noble vision of delicate spiral balusters, but that same vermin which wrote upon the walls has torn the balustrade to pieces and only ruins remain. Our illustration of the passage-way was happily taken before the final onslaught of Smith and Jones. Now nothing of the balustrade is left at all. At the foot of the staircase is the entrance to the dining-room, a noble apartment occupying nearly the whole of the north end wall. The lofty mullioned windows hold nothing but splinters of glass now, the Georgian decorations of the roof and wainscot have also suffered from various causes, but the Puleston crest and coat of arms blazoned upon ceiling and fire-place remain in fair preservation. The interior of this chamber undoubtedly rose upon ancient foundations, but it has been much altered since the old Judge's time, and it may be noticed that a large bow window, which formerly overlooked the moat on the west side, has been closed up and its recess obliterated. While ascending the staircase to the upper chambers, traces may still be noted of the fresco-painting which once completely covered the walls, but time and fools have written all over it now, and we pass upwards through wreck and ruin and desolation. Every baluster has fallen to the hoof of an ass, and mere disgust greets that performance, but Time's hand touches with solemnity and weird charm. We mark with silence and awe the creeping stain which tells of death and destruction, the hands of the ivy and the briar thrust through strange apertures, the rust that gnaws iron on many a fireless hearth; and we hear the echo from the naked

chambers—a voice mournful and long drawn out, as though, indeed, "Time himself were speaking."

The drawing-room of Emral is undoubtedly the finest apartment in the house. Its noble alcoves, lofty windows, marvellous vaulted ceiling, and rare chimney-piece, all combine with the size of the great panelled chamber to arrest those who see it, and no splendour of fabrics and furniture could impress the imagination one half so powerfully as the reigning desolation. Ruin incarnate has made this place its home. The plaster gods and goddesses rot upon the ceilings, the hollow planking rots upon the floor; dead leaves lie idly in the corners—spoils of many past autumn storms; the smell of decay seems almost visible. Presently the roof and floor alike must go; the last oaken beam will break in the jaws of worm and canker and decay; and then the upper floors of the mansion will fall in thunder and one more mournful stage in its decline be accomplished. To judge from appearances, full half a century must have elapsed since any brain was busy with the preservation of Emral, or any purse was opened on the fabric's behalf. But Time works fast with a free hand, and it may be that the house has not in reality stood uncared for through such a long period. In the bedrooms mouldy paper still hangs its strips and tatters from the walls, while one such apartment yet contains the remains of a handsome cabinet, which now stands a battered wreck, in keeping with its mournful surroundings. The kitchen is spacious, and its old-fashioned bins and cupboards, bread-kneading trough, and lengthy range, give insight into the wholesale cooking arrangements of days long gone by, call up the ghosts of banquets eaten before we were born, conjure visions of splendid hospitality. Together with its sculleries, pantries, and other offices, this vast kitchen occupies the south-eastern corner of the pile, and lies below the level of the ground.

Beyond the moat, and behind the Hall, is the orchard, surrounded by high walls, through one of which is pierced a doorway. On either side, let into the brickwork, are stone shields, having the Puleston arms carved thereon, and against the orchard wall stands all that is left of an old vinery. The pent-roof of rotting wood and broken glass

still exists, but an army of rank grasses and gigantic stinging nettles guard the empty ruin now. The flower-gardens and lawns lay upon the south side of the mansion and, passing the dank and desolate moat, we may walk dry-foot and even find faint indications of the prim flower beds, ancient turf and rose-crowned pathways of an old-world garden; and fancy traces them easily enough, though facts break down and can be followed no further under their dense covering of unlovely herbage. This garden lies in a triangle extending

The lords and ladies of Emral have vanished for ever. The story of those events which ultimately led to the desertion of the old hall is a sad one, and until lately could not be well related in a public print, inasmuch as some concerned with the actual dissension still lived; but the generation has now passed away, and there can be no offence in briefly narrating the outline of those circumstances which have reduced Emral to its present desolation. A family quarrel brought the mansion to ruin, and in no ungentle spirit we approach the



VIEW OF THE HOUSE

between the river Colbrook, already mentioned, and a channel from it which supplies the moat; but ruin, rotting timber and a world of weeds are all that now face us within it, turn where we may. It is the abode of the slug and the snail; it might be the home of the snake.

*Flat plantains ana unseemly stalks
Have crept across the gravel walks;
The vines are dead, long, long ago,
The almond buds no longer blow.
Nature, who treads her nobles down,
And gives their birthright to the clown,
Has sown her base-born weedy things
Above the garden's Queens and Kings.*

And as in the garden, so in the house.

subject and re-tell the tale. The recent baronet, Sir Richard Price Puleston, who passed away at an advanced age three years ago, was the only son of Sir Richard Puleston by his first marriage. This knight married a second time, taking to wife one considerably below him in rank; and upon his death, in the year 1860, it was found he had estranged from the eldest son and heir all property and moneys possible, bequeathing the same to the children of his second wife. The late baronet, thus gravely crippled, could not afford to worthily maintain Emral, and therefore let the place to Mr. R. P. Ethelston, the brother-in-law of Mr. Edmund Peel of "Bryn-y-pys." But years of neglect had already wrought



MOONLIGHT

grave havoc with Emral Hall, and finding his landlord unequal to the task of making good the widespread dilapidations consequent on a past of thriftless neglect, Mr. Ethelston reluctantly abandoned his tenancy, and the pending ruin, delayed by him awhile, began again with his departure. This is all the story that need concern us. For fifteen or more years after the withdrawal of Mr. Ethelston, Emral stood empty, left to the mercy of sight-seers, who worked their will indoors as other weeds flourished unchecked without. Then, upon the demise of the owner: Sir Richard Puleston, already mentioned, his heirs shut up the ruined mansion completely, and special permission is now needed to obtain a view of it.

So, with thought on the added human interests now awakened before the spectacle of Emral Hall, we may take our leave of it. But first the venerable Deer Park challenges attention, with its wonderful iron gates to the main entrance, with the site of the ancient chapel, long since vanished away, with the exquisite glen of the little Colbrook—a fairy land renewed by every springtime. The bridge which spans this stream and leads to Emral is closed by a pair of wrought-iron gates, the elaborate

scroll-work and tracery of which are rarely passed without comment by the most casual visitor. But still nobler portals lie beyond. The second pair of gates are lofty and stand between massive stone pillars higher than themselves. They, too, exhibit choice workmanship in iron and bear above the gates themselves a raised canopy of conventional scroll and leaf-work, finely conceived, bearing in the midst the arms of Puleston upon a shield, with the crest above. An interesting fact is worthy of note in this connection. While speaking of the lodge gate of "Bracebridge Hall," Washington Irving describes with happy phrase how that it was "in a heavy, magnificent old style of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers;" and in Randolph Caldecott's illustrated edition of the "Sketchbook," the artist, who was a North Shropshire man, and, doubtless, knew Emral sufficiently well, draws these identical gates before us to illustrate the quoted words. He places them, however, beside Emral Lodge, which adds to the charm of his drawing, but is contrary to fact. The lodge lies elsewhere, on the other side of the park at the end of the avenue, but that



OVERGROWN DOORWAY

another iron gate also existed here in the past, though it has since disappeared, Mr. F. Hope-Jones, the well-known antiquary, conclusively proves. Upon our way to the ivy-clad lodge we pass the site of the chapel. Of this little is now known, but that it existed ancient documents attest. In the report of the jurors appointed by the king to enquire into Ecclesiastical Benefices in the year 1657, we find these words: "*John Puleston is seized of an ancient Mansion House, called Emerall . . . that there is likewise an ancient chappell belonging to the said Mansion House.*" This little place of worship was unfortunately pulled down more than a century since; and Mr. Hope-Jones aforesaid makes the interesting point that the stone cross, which now adorns the gable of the

Hall, once stood in all probability above the chapel.

So much, then, for Emral. Thus far have we briefly glanced at its past history and its present condition. What lies hidden in the future for it has not to our knowledge been yet determined. But we must hope that the fate of the ancient pile is a happier one than now appears probable; we must believe that its present unhappy circumstances represent the darkness before dawn; and that in years to come life and laughter and happiness will find a home at Emral once again. Then years may dim the present mournful memories, and a new generation find in this fair home the happiness and peace enjoyed there aforetime by their ancestors.



Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

WRITTEN BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. TOMPKYNS.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

The following has been communicated to me by a medical woman of my acquaintance. It explains a mystery at one time much discussed in a certain circle. To many it remains to this day a mystery.

"**S**HE'S just pining away before my very eyes," Mr. Tompkyns said. Mr. Tompkyns was a person small of physique but great in the city, who had summoned me—the only medical woman in the neighbourhood—to prescribe for his wife. His pre-eminence in things financial was proclaimed, had the fact needed insistence, by the magnificence of his possessions.

The road to his house had taken me through miles of beautiful parkland, which was but a fraction of the Tompkyns estate, and was set with the rarest shrubs and trees that skill and gold could induce to grow there. The house was a marble mansion, each room a triumph of art. Yet with all his prosperities Tompkyns was able to ward from his lovely young wife neither sickness, nor childlessness, nor any other ill save hunger and cold and the blessing of drudgery to which flesh is heir.

No woman out of a Zenana could afford to wear such gorgeous gowns, no well-living reputably wedded woman boasted such jewels. Nor had any a more charmingly appointed house, or handsomer horses and carriages, to speed her through life. If she had wished she might even have wheeled on a silver cycle. Yet, as the poor little fellow deplored, she was pining away before his eyes.

She was a beautiful creature. Too ethereal for a goddess—our notions of goddesses have descended to us from an age of stone—she was like some pictured seraph. But in her face were lines of human yearning such as seraphs—so we

are taught to believe—are never guilty of, and her eyes suggested weariness and tears. She sat in her pink boudoir that morning a dainty iridescence in a silken tea-gown bedecked with ostrich-feathers and begirt with silver clasps. Her fingers flashed with rings of diamond, amethyst and pearl, and her great knot of nut-brown hair was loosely caught back on her neck by a silver dagger, diamond-hilted. Her small silk-stockinged feet nestled in satin slippers, and frills of the filmiest lace peeped out at the hem of her gown. If money were at all another name for happiness, then would the chalice of Mrs Tompkyns' bliss have been full indeed, but happiness walks as frequently bare-footed as it does in buckled shoes.

Mrs. Tompkyns was manifestly ill. Health never showed a skin so milky or such lustrous eyes; nor have hands of her translucency a hold on life. "I have taken her abroad," Tompkyns said, "but she only gets worse. She is crying all the while for home."

He crossed the dainty room, every stick and stitch of whose daintiness belonged to him, as did the white-clad woman in its midst. He took one of her delicate hands in his. It shivered for a moment, then lay passive on his short stout palm. He held it wistfully, his mean features working with a pathos that would have dignified a visage less vulgar. But Tompkyns was exceptionally ordinary. "There's a hand for a Christian," he protested in his common way. "I'm downright ashamed of it. Looks as if I starved her."



"WE ARE NOT A LONG-LIVED FAMILY"

Mrs. Tompkins laughed faintly and retook possession of her hand. "O no! You do not starve me, Robert," she rejoined.

They made a striking contrast, standing together; she with her willowy grace and refinement, he stunted, thick-set and without one line or feature that did not transgress the physical ideal. Yet there were sterling qualities in the man, qualities of industry, honesty, and affection, and the luxury with which he had beset this feminine blossom was the outcome of enterprise and dogged application. For Tompkins was a man of sturdy honour,

whose word was his bond, whose name in the city was safe as the Bank of England.

Nature had certainly been hard on him. Through all her transparent skin, his dainty wife flushed with repudiation at his coming. There was not a fibre in her but rebelled against him. She shuddered under his touch. Even the lustrous velvet pupils of her eyes shrank upon him. Yet she smiled and suffered his caresses, as if recognising the claims of his worth and affection, and the fact that she belonged to him. When he soon left us she drew a deep breath of

relief. Her whole expression changed. "I am not very strong," she said, "but there is really nothing wrong with me. My husband would take me away, and I am not happy except at home."

Her eye met mine just then. A sudden tide of sensitive blood rushed over her face and throat, her lids were down-cast with a curious consciousness. "I have never been strong," she continued, striving for composure. "We are not a long-lived family."

I went into her case, but could find no cause for her weakness and wasting.

"Does the mind never prey on the body?" she asked, impatient of my questions.

"Certainly," I answered, "but the fact of some physical failure just as frequently preys on the mind, and cause and effect get jumbled. Many a girl attributes to a sentimental cause the depression that is merely the outcome of dyspepsia."

"I do not know what dyspepsia means," she said, "but then I have never any appetite."

"You have not enough to do?"

"Do you know I was last week at four balls, two dinners, three hunt breakfasts and a wedding; and I had a good-sized house-party all the time."

"Then you have too much to do."

She shook her head. "When my time is occupied I do not brood."

"What in the name of wonder have you to brood over? If you were to see the conditions under which some of my patients live, you would learn what real trouble is."

"I daresay I would change with some of them," she said slowly, "for some of them have what I have not."

"One cannot have everything," was my sententious comment.

"Ah! but there are things and things," she answered with a quiver of her lovely lips.

With Tompkins in my mind, her meaning was evident enough.

Now in the name of all the gods who order domesticity, I pondered, let no Leander fall in Mrs. Tompkins' way. If, indeed, I added, remembering her sudden flush and consciousness, Leander be not already in the tide.

CHAPTER II.

I COULD hear of no Leander. A doctor is made the recipient of much gossip, for in sickness persons wax confidential both as regards their own and their neighbours' affairs. But "the beautiful Mrs. Tompkins," as she was known through all the county, had shown no preference, had in fact for that very reason given dire offence among the train of cavaliers to be found at the charming heels of any young and attractive woman whose wifehood obviates the matrimonial risks besetting single blessedness. Her indifference to the other sex was so pronounced that it was generally conceded there must be somebody at a distance, or even somebody dead, whom she had met and loved before she married Tompkins. Nobody knew anything definite. They only knew that here was a young and lovely woman who plainly did not love her husband (a circumstance not regarded as unusual) or anybody else in view, and so they wondered who and where was the man she did love. They ignored the significant fact that many a young and lovely

woman is in love with nobody so much as with herself.

For some months after I knew her I was as sure there was no man in the case, as I was sure it was not herself of whom she was enamoured. Whosoever I met her, her eyes were seeking, always seeking. This characteristic gave colour in the minds of many to that belief in a somebody whom she had found, and, it might be, had lost again. But to me there was something in her great unhappy eyes that said she had never found him. A change came presently over her. There appeared a certain glow in her face and her eyes tranquillised. She smiled more often, more serenely. People said he had returned. But there was not a shadow of proof. Nor could those most concerned in ferreting scandals lay so much as a finger-tip on him.

I was dining one night with the Tompkins, being from time to time in attendance on her, when Tompkins sent for me into the library. It was evident something had happened. His face was white with a passion the glare in his

overhung eyes proclaimed to be anger. He walked about the handsome room, clenching and unclenching his fists.

"I overheard something as I left the dining-room," he began, stifling in his voice a rage that would have roared. Then he lost control. "If there's any truth in it I swear before God I'll kill him."

delicacy and melancholy have served for an excuse for idle tongues. You know as well as I do that there is not the least foundation for such a suspicion."

"I know! Great Heavens, what does any man know where a woman is concerned?" he raged.

"You are not just. I believe no one more honourable-minded lives."



"THE GLEAM OF SOMETHING WHITE."

Perspiration beaded his forehead, though all round the house the snow lay thick and the library fire had gone out.

"You know there's no truth in it," I insisted.

He turned on me suspiciously. "You have heard it then."

"I have heard some silly gossip. Her

He grasped my hand and wrung it. For a moment he was almost good-looking. "Thank you for that," he said, "thank you for it. I've always found her so. But what did Somers mean? He spoke as if he knew something."

"He knows nothing more, I am confident, than that she once very properly snubbed him. I have heard the whole thing threshed out. The worst they can say is that she must be pining for somebody because she has that touch of melancholy you know in her."

"Yes, but may it not be so? Why is she melancholy?"

"Temperament."

"Ah, you say so. But she is certainly melancholy—and ill."

His voice fell as though he feared to give substance to the truth by speaking it.

"God knows I'm not the sort of man for any woman to be in love with," he said presently. "I'm only a money-grubbing machine. I've been able to buy myself one of the loveliest creatures God ever made, but I can't make her care for me any more than she cares for one of the footmen." He laughed bitterly. "When I was a poor devil of a clerk I could spend hours in picture-galleries and fields. Now I have a picture-gallery and a park of my own it bores me to walk through them. I've spent my life in getting things I was all

the while losing the power to enjoy as I see ninety-five per cent. of my neighbours doing. While I've been grubbing money to set my wife in luxury I've been losing all that might have made her care for me. We haven't a taste in common. She is—well, you know what she is. I—well, you can see what I am."

The unfortunate man was unburdening himself to himself rather than to me, and I felt in the embarrassing position of one who overhears what is not meant for him. The contempt with which he reviewed his own shortcomings—and I could not deny that he had painted a faithful if a cruel portrait—was of a kind we sometimes indulge against ourselves in solitude, but rarely in public.

"If I ever have any sons," he wound up, "I'll stop the breed of money machines. I'll put them to the plough and make men of them."

CHAPTER III.

IT was close upon twelve and I was on the point of retiring when some weeks later Tompkins thundered upon my door. Hearing him in the hall I went out. "Can you come at once?" he asked. "She is ill."

"What is the matter?"

"I charged her with it—and it's true," he broke out furiously.

"Did she admit anything?"

"Do women ever tell the truth? I caught her kissing his portrait. She wears a rose over her heart. And to think," he broke out passionately, "to think of the thousands of roses I have given her and she has thrown aside."

"A thing belonging to her girlhood," I hazarded, "withered and shrivelled almost beyond recognition."

"Not three days old, I'll swear," he said sardonically.

I found her in her white room, an exhausted, weary woman. Her appearance was alarming. I had not seen her for some weeks and, during that interval, she had altered sadly for the worse. She did not notice my approach. She lay on a couch with closed eyes. In the curled fingers of one wasted hand was a little heap of rose-petals—rose-petals obviously, as her husband had said, "not three days old!"

He turned on his heel and went out.

While we were getting her to bed a photograph slipped from her dress and fell on the floor, face down. In picking it up the maid half turned it over. I caught a glimpse of a noble head. The photograph was recent, for the name on the back was that of a photographer who had not long come into the neighbourhood. Poor Mr. Tompkins! I reflected, contrasting his appearance with that of this classic rival. And poor Mrs. Tompkins! I reflected, considering her white and wasted arms and the pathetic shrinking of her beautiful breast. What a tragedy civilization had made of nature. Every curve in her dainty womanhood called out for love: her seeking eyes, her tender hands, the unshed kisses of her mouth. Every nerve in her strung to the tension of the noble, cried for a hero. Society and her mother had given her—Mr. Tompkins.

Possibly weighed in the balance of citizenship the scale would speak in Tompkins' rather than in Leander's favour, but the Tompkins virtues were essentially of the counting-house order, and no woman has ever been found to love a man because he happened to be gifted with an exceptional head for figures, though many a woman has been found to marry one for no more valid reason!

CHAPTER IV.

DESPITE the evidence of the rose and portrait, the object of Mrs. Tompkins' interest remained concealed. All her husband's efforts, and though he maintained a sullen silence on the subject I knew he was moving heaven and earth to trace his rival, proved abortive. The post-bag held no letter either in her or the unknown's hand. She preserved the same indifference to every man who

his staff of servants might well have relieved him.

He was jealous that anybody but himself should do the least thing for her. But all that the poor man did out of the tenderest and finest in his nature, his mean appearance and ill-manner of doing spoilt. Though I saw and realised his merits I could not blind myself to the fact that he had not one quality to rouse



"I'LL FIND HIM YET"

visited the house. And she died by inches.

During this period Tompkins behaved extraordinarily well. I was in constant attendance, and I never knew him to speak a word of complaint or rebuke. He was tender and kind to a degree pathetic to one who knew the circumstances. At the end of a long day in the city, and his days there were long and onerous, he would be ready—eager if need were—to sit up with her at night, to ride any distance for some trifle she desired, or to fulfil any other duty whereof

a woman's love. For nature making for physical perfectness gives physical perfectness her magic. And, as I have said, poor Tompkins was so very ordinary.

Once as he arranged her pillows, during the illness that followed, I saw her turn and kiss his clumsy fingers wistfully. There was in her eyes a look of pain as though she would gratefully have loved him if she could. But nature had decreed against him—cruelly if you will—but nature did not want any of Mr. Tompkins in her perfect man.

At the touch of her lips, an incoherent

moan, like the cry of a hurt animal, broke from him. He flung himself down by her bed, and buried his face in its satin and lace. The very abandon of his pain and passion would in another man have been convincing and coercive, but the intensity of the impulse only saved the unfortunate Tompkins from grotesqueness. The physical degeneracy consequent on his life and heredity masked the natural man. Romeo, for all his sentiment and ardour, could not move you vulgarly disguised.

Mrs. Tompkins was on a fair road to recovery when I found her one morning with high fever, a pulse that proclaimed the blood-tide dashing through its channels with devastating force, blazing eyes that seemed to scorch great circling shadows round them. "What is the meaning of this?" I questioned of her maid.

Her mistress's burning eyes flashed her an entreaty. But the girl was faithfully obdurate. "I told her I must tell you," she replied, "because she's just killing herself. She was out last night again, ma'am."

"Out! Out with the thermometer near freezing point! Out in all that rain!"

"She was in the quadrangle, ma'am. She's there for hours together. And it's enough to give anybody their death, let alone her being so delicate. I said I'd tell the doctor, ma'am. It wasn't anything but my duty," she excused herself.

Mrs. Tompkins' gaze met mine. Her face became suddenly suffused with that same blush and shame I had seen before. She turned her looks away. So there is a Leander, after all, I concluded, and I confess my sympathies at that moment were with Tompkins.

When she was better I warned her. "You must give up those visits to the quadrangle, my dear. The damp there endangers your life." She glanced at me beseechingly. Her hand stole up with a gesture of secrecy to something at her breast.

"Your husband is a kind but a jealous man," I went on, "and if he were to find anybody you care about, there would be sad trouble."

She gave a little choking sob and turned her face away. "There is nobody at all," she faltered.

I strolled one day into the quadrangle. It was, as Bradley had said, a dismal place

enough, and certainly the last place in the world for my delicate patient. It was shut in tomb-like by a wall of yews. It was marble paved and the pavement glistened dank and mossy. At one end a sun-dial carven in stone showed the hour in shadow; at the other a statue of young Antinous, begirt from shoulder to knee with a leopard-skin, stood poised holding a javelin lightly in one hand. He was set high on a mound of grass, and showed supple and beautiful against the hedge of yews. At the foot of the bank I found a fading rose.

I was turning aside with a cynical thought—for the rose had not dropped from the skies—when my attention was caught by the gleam of something white protruding from between the statue's shapely shoulder and his leopard skin. It was a note with the superscription "To my Dearest," in Mrs. Tompkins' failing hand. I felt myself at liberty to pocket it lest somebody less scrupulous should do so. It was stained and wet, having apparently lain in its hiding-place some days.

I restored it to her next morning. "I found it in the quadrangle," I said.

Her white face flushed and the hand she held for it shook till the paper rustled. She thanked me below her breath and with an air of shame. She leaned up presently as though she had it in her mind to speak, but she thought better of it and sank back on her pillows with a sigh.

Meanwhile where was Leander hiding! The world outside Mrs. Tompkins' gates had come to the conclusion that Leander was a fiction, just as the facts of his hitherto doubted existence were forcing themselves irresistibly on the notice of her own house.

Tompkins became a changed man. He was moody and absent. People wondered why he had taken to spending his Sundays and Saturday afternoons in pistol-practice. Two or three youths not yet of an age to realise that which is due to the millionaire hazarded the witticism that Tompkins projected inviting the Prince of Wales or the German Emperor to shoot over his coverts the following season, and being city-bred imagined partridges and pheasants to be brought down with revolver and bullets. But if they had met the man as I have met him, his sallow face ashen, his mouth one grim line, his eyes fixed wildly as in some lonely corner of his park he



"PRONE AT THE STATUE'S FEET"

aimed for the heart of an imagined adversary, they would have held their peace. He prowled about at night and came home at odd seasons. Of all of which assiduities on his part I believe Mrs. Tompkyns was wholly unsuspecting. She said only she thought it must be better for Robert's health that he should not be continually in that horrid city.

But that day when I found him putting bullets into the bark of a cherished gatalpa, he had avowed himself. "By God!" he had said, the sweat standing thick on his forehead, "I'll find him yet."

"You do yourself and her a cruel injustice," I had answered and passed on. For though I could not deny that there was something I did not think what he thought.

And then the whole pitiful thing came out. It was just upon midnight when Bradley precipitated herself into my room. "Please, ma'am, come," she panted, "come or she'll get her death. I did all I could, but she would go out."

The girl had commanded or cajoled a dog-cart out of the stables and I drove back post-haste with her. Arrived we made a feint of entering by a side door, leaving the groom in the drive. "This way," she whispered, "it's a short cut to the quadrangle. And whatever will the master say?"

The moon was making of the world a giant monotone. We could see our way clearly, though at intervals we were plunged in the profoundest shade. Not a sound stirred beyond the crunching of the gravel under our feet and the brush and snap of twigs as we pushed past.

The quadrangle was a flood of light. In that white flood like a drowned thing Mrs. Tompkyns lay—prone at the statue's feet. She wore but a thin robe, a robe designed for warm luxurious rooms, and she lay with her fragile limbs in the wet frost-crisping grass.

One wasted arm was flung about the marble feet. From time to time she kissed them. "When I am dead, dear," she whispered as though someone had been there, "shall I see you? Are you in the world where I am going?"

I anathematised him for a selfish brute, whosoever he might be. But I doubted that he had been there that evening. He would scarcely have left her in such plight. We got her away. She was weak and light. It was easy to loose her clinging hands. As we bore her

upstairs, treading softly, for scandal has sensitive ears, we met Tompkyns coming down. His eyes were bloodshot. He was dressed for walking; he held a revolver in one hand.

At sight of us he started. "Good Heavens, what is it? Is she hurt?"

"Mistress was delirious, sir, and wandered in her sleep," the faithful Bradley said.

"You are a liar," he thundered, "and if I find you've been deceiving me, you shall go before morning."

Bradley tossed her head and muttered. But she dared not speak.

Mrs. Tompkyns died that night. She regained consciousness for that moment only in which she lost it for ever. Her face became illumined, her soul leapt out through her eyes. "Now I am coming," she cried, and died.

Perhaps, after all, I reflected, the man is dead and she was but keeping a memory green.

But the secret did not die with her.

Two mornings later Tompkyns strode into my room. In his hand was an envelope. He laid it before me. On it was written in his wife's hand, the tremulous hand of her latter days:

Dear Robert, it is something I have loved, something that has been the most to me in my short life. Put it on my heart, dear, and bury it with me. Oh, I shall sleep so quietly.

"I would not open it without a witness," he said, taking up the envelope again.

"You should not open it at all."

He laughed, a short, harsh laugh. His bloodshot eyes seemed starting from his head. "Then I might pass him in the street, or even sit at meat with him," he said.

He tore it open. A photograph fell out. I recognised it in a moment. He scanned it closely, impressing the features on his memory, I thought. For some minutes his fury blinded him. Then his face limned the changes from rage, jealousy, revenge, to absolute bewilderment. He flung it down and burst into a fit of baffled laughter. "What does it mean?" he gasped.

I knew the classic head at a glance. I remembered how a former glimpse of it had set me pitting it against Tompkyns. But I was not prepared for that which turned out. The portrait was a portrait

of the marble Antinous of the quad-range.

It was faded and worn with the cling and moisture of a thousand kisses. It was moulded and curved by the warmth of her bosom and cheek. There were circles where tears that had rained from her eyes had fallen on it. About it clung tenderly and like a long caress a strand of her beautiful hair. Out of its envelope

a shower of sad-scented rose-petals dropped, tied to it by a ribbon was a knot of love-notes—love-notes bearing that superscription "*To my Dearest.*"

"What does it mean?" he whispered, his face as white in the dawning of the mystery as hers at home.

"It means nothing, my friend," I said, as well as I was able. "Nothing but another woman's broken heart!"

"THE WIDOWED HEART."

I SIT in the flickering firelight,
 Soft shadows round me fall;
 The silence is strangely tender
 That fills my hearth and hall;
 It seems like a winged spirit
 Soothing my heart of pain,
 Then I start and almost fancy
 I hear thy voice again.
 The quiet dark steals o'er the land,
 The wind is half a moan,
 You sleep on the lonely hill-side,
 And I am here alone.
 I leave my windows unshuttered,
 You always loved the light,
 How can I shut in this brightness
 When you are in the night?
 With only the storm-toss'd billows
 Singing thy requiem hymn,
 Whilst silent stars from their awful height
 Watch when the light grows dim.
 You have slipped from my fond embrace,
 Who found earth's dearest bliss
 In these ready arms to shelter
 With love and tender kiss;
 You have passed beyond earth's voices,
 Beyond the hand that clings,
 If I called you would not answer,
 Nor list to earthly things.
 O! could I but rise and follow
 To yon still, mystic shore,
 For, alas! my arms are empty—
 Empty for evermore.

S. LOUIE ROWED.

Boiler Explosions.

WRITTEN BY WALTER WOOD. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.



HERE are in England some 200,000 boilers, large and small, used for manufacturing, industrial and kindred purposes. Most of these are as sound and strong as the combined skill of the engineer and the maker can devise: some, in spite of all the efforts made by Government and insurance companies, are only awaiting a fit opportunity to do as many of their kind have done before—"go off."

It was lately put on official record that for twenty-seven years an owner worked a boiler at a pressure of 60 lbs. per square inch, without ever making an examination of the structure, and "he thought it would go on working at that pressure for an indefinite time." This touching confidence was equalled by another steam user who examined his boiler by tapping it with a hammer, and "so long as the hammer did not go through the plates, he thought that the boiler was quite safe."

We are all familiar with the legend of the American skippers who sat on the safety-valves of their vessels, in the palmiest days of the river races, but a Yorkshire boiler attendant improved on that system by allowing the safety-valve to become corroded absolutely fast to the boiler itself. When an expert tested the valve—after the boiler had exploded—he found that a hydraulic pressure of two tons to the square inch was necessary to force a drop of water through it. The valve had not acted for many years prior to the accident. Another feature of this remarkable case was that the attendant varied his engineering duties by acting as carter for his employer.

In one of the most curious boiler explosions on record—at Drighlington, Yorkshire, on March 19th, 1889—the owner stated at the public inquiry that

he placed implicit trust in his engineman and—Providence. The boiler in this case was a small one used for lowering men into the pit of a colliery. It was about thirty-two years old, and when it burst there was an area of about five square feet in the shell in which the thickness of the plate was less than 1-32 of an inch. The boiler was in daily use, with people in close proximity passing to and fro, and with inhabited houses within seventy yards. The boiler in its flight cleared some portions of the upper rooms of two cottages, in which children were sleeping, and two of them were hurt, but no lives were lost. The result of the owner's faith in Providence and his boiler-man is shown in the accompanying photograph.

Even boiler explosions have their humorous side. A boiler, like a human being, can get an evil reputation, and such a structure existed some years ago in Leeds. The boiler was known to be in an exceedingly bad way, and those acquainted with its failings were prepared to see it ascend at any time. It happened that two men were at work together when they noticed a great black object rising through the air like a rocket. "Look," said one of them to his friend, "that'll be —'s boiler!" And it was.

One of the most terrible explosions of recent years was due to wasted plates. On January 19th, 1881, near Batley, a boiler burst and killed sixteen people and injured several others. This boiler was made in 1855, and was 27 feet 5 inches long, and 7 feet 4 inches internal diameter. Examination showed that some of the plates were worn from $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to 1-16 of an inch in thickness, and that the plates had been eaten away because the boiler had been set in lime instead of fireclay. For a length of nearly five feet the corroded plates were no thicker than a sixpence. Immediately after the explosion the boiler was alongside another of a similar design, but comparatively new. That remained

slightly out of position, but almost intact. It is marked 2 in the accompanying photograph, and is serviceable for purposes of comparison. The exploded boiler was used for warming purposes only. And here it may be remarked that a boiler need not be worked at a

in June, 1895, at Redcar, on the Yorkshire coast. This was one of the most disastrous on record. Twelve boilers burst, twelve persons were killed, and eight others were more or less seriously injured. The boilers, which were very long—66 feet—and 4 feet



WRECK OF A HOUSE BY AN EXPLOSION
Photo by Appleton and Co., Bradford

high pressure before it can explode and cause loss of life and damage. Numerous accidents occur to boilers which are working at a very low pressure and are used for heating water for warming or other similar purposes.

An extraordinary explosion took place

6 inches in diameter, were used for supplying steam at the Redcar Ironworks, and the explosion was due to the unequal expansion and contraction to which one of them was subjected. Before the Redcar disaster not more than two boilers had exploded together in England, but

in America a dozen had burst in a cluster.

America affords not a few terrible examples of boiler explosions. Two only need be named, because they are of peculiar interest to all travellers and dwellers in hotels. At midnight on August 18th, 1895, a boiler exploded at Gumry Hotel, Denver, Col. Twenty-two persons were killed, seven were injured, and the building was wrecked. The hotel at the time of the catastrophe

of us." The accompanying photographs were taken immediately after the explosion, and give a pretty good idea of the havoc wrought by an accident of this description.

An instance of the dire results of boiler mismanagement is afforded by the explosion at Eagle Wharf Road, Hoxton, N., on December 17th, 1894, by which two persons were killed and several badly injured. The Board of Trade investigation showed that the boiler



THE DRIGHLINGTON EXPLOSION

Photo by Appleton and Co., Bradford

was unusually full of guests, most of whom were in bed. The Gumry Hotel explosion was similar in many ways to one which in February, 1889, destroyed the Park Central Hotel, Hartford, and caused the death of twenty-three persons.

The worn-out state of the boiler was the cause of an explosion at Stainland, near Halifax, on May 23rd, 1895, by which five persons were killed and several injured. The boiler was neither under inspection of any person nor company, and when one of the witnesses at the inquest was asked who looked after it, he answered, "It was a mixed-up do—any

had leaked at about the point of a primary fracture, and had been caulked by the engine-driver, but it had continued to leak. Mr. J. C. Chapman, a London engineer and boiler expert, who reported upon the disaster, said he gathered that the caulking had been done, perhaps frequently, "with a triangular piece of iron and a heavy hammer."

The accompanying photograph shows how badly a house may fare when even a small boiler—in this case it was what is called a steam-kettle—takes a journey through the air and descends upon one's dwelling. The boiler is seen in the lower

room, having crushed through the roof and bedroom.

On November 4th, 1874, a vertical boiler, 16 feet 6 inches high and 6 feet 1 inch in diameter, was blown by an explosion in Leeds about one hundred yards from its original working position. This boiler was bolted down to a strong cast-iron foundation by means of brackets riveted to the shell. In the Stainland explosion part of the boiler was blown a distance of one hundred and twenty yards. Fragments of a portable pumping-engine boiler which burst recently in

have made a special study of the matter, and whose professional work has brought them into contact with these particular disasters, is Mr. John Waugh, of Bradford, an engineer who for nearly a quarter of a century has given expert evidence in courts of law concerning boiler explosions, and who has assisted at many coroners' and Board of Trade inquiries into them. It may be remarked parenthetically that in Lancashire and Yorkshire there are more boilers than in all the rest of England put together, and that the most fatal and destructive of explosions



THE STAINLAND DISASTER

Photo by Mallinson, Leeds

Ohio were found two thousand feet from the scene of the explosion, while pieces of a boiler which burst in the same State on January 16th, 1895, were discovered a quarter of a mile from the boiler-house. On January 30th, at Hollidaysburg, Pa., a boiler exploded and killed and injured a large number of workpeople. The boiler passed through the roof, rose three hundred feet into the air, and plunged down into another part of the works. Beams a foot thick were splintered like matches.

The most common cause of boiler explosions is negligence on the part of either the owner or the responsible attendant. Prominent among those who

on record in the British Isles have taken place in these two counties.

"It was not," said Mr. Waugh to me recently, "until 1882 that an Act was passed directing an inquiry to be held into every boiler accident, whether anyone was killed by it or not. The Boiler Exposions Act of 1882 brought about wonderful changes. Since it was passed many attempts have been made to order compulsory examinations of boilers, but up to the present those efforts have been unsuccessful, except in the case of quarry-owners."

"And why compulsory inspections?"

"Because," replied Mr. Waugh emphatically, "that is the only known way

of preventing those deadly and destructive accidents."

I asked Mr. Waugh what plates of some of the exploded boilers are like, and this secured from him information on a very interesting point, and one to which he has for many years paid close attention.

"It has," he said, "been a very frequent occurrence to have plates as thin as a sixpence, and the company's inspectors often bring in samples of a boiler which has been examined, and which, when seen, make one absolutely marvel that the boiler has not long since blown up. These 'finds' of worn plates are made by the removal of brickwork. The brickwork has pressed closely and heavily against the thin metal, which by itself could not have resisted any steam pressure at all. In these cases explosions have been prevented simply because of the pressure of the masonry."

"Then," I suggested, "there must be some extraordinary structures in use at this very moment?"

what would be the result of some of them exploding—well, imagine for yourself, in some of the crowded thoroughfares, for instance."

I asked Mr. Waugh if, in view of such a serious statement, he would obtain for me exact particulars of London boilers that had been found to be in a dangerous state. He readily agreed to do so, and from a report which he had specially prepared for the purpose I find that the sister boiler to one owned by the London Corporation, which exploded in November, 1893, situated at the Guildhall, was quite unsafe to work, the furnace crown and the right side of the shell being bulged in. In August last year a boiler which was being worked at the Guildhall at a pressure of 28 lbs. was bulged to the extent of a quarter of an inch along the sides of the shell, and a great deal had to be done to the structure before it could be pronounced safe. At the Mansion House a boiler, after being thoroughly inspected in June, 1894, was found to be bulged in many places, and



THE STAINLAND DISASTER
Photo by Mallinson, Leeds

"Extraordinary!" echoed Mr. Waugh. "There are at this very time, in the city of London itself, boilers which are utterly unfit to be in use. You walk over them in the very streets—they run under the causeways and into the most out-of-the-way nooks and corners, because of the enormous pressure on space there; and

it was necessary to fix no fewer than thirty stays before the boiler could be pronounced safe. At the same time and in the same place a boiler was examined, and even a casual inspection showed that it was in a bad way. This boiler was entirely removed from its seatings in order that its real condition could be

determined. It was found to be in such a dangerous state that it was condemned. So also was a boiler at the Mansion House which was inspected in the following August.

In the Mayor's Court at the Guildhall a circulating boiler was examined, into

kittle inventions to leave their beds. "The life of a boiler," he said, "is very much dependent on the water with which it is fed. The soft waters, containing 'peaty' acid, will render a boiler unfit for use within three or four years. On the other hand, from a feeding point of



THE STAINLAND DISASTER: THE BOILER BLOWN FROM ITS SEATING
Photo by Mallinson, Leeds

which it was found necessary to put twenty-three stays in order to ensure safety. In May and June, 1894, examinations of a boiler at the Guildhall School of Music showed "that after it had been removed from its seatings the shell was found generally wasted all over, three fractured rivet holes at left front of furnace, the fractures extending one inch behind the rivets, and plates badly wasted between rivet holes." This was condemned and replaced by a new boiler. At the Sessions House, Old Bailey, in August, 1894, a boiler, the top of which was "badly wasted," and actually with holes in it, was replaced.

The London Corporation have now, it is scarcely needful to say, all their boilers in admirable condition; but the foregoing instances may justify one in inferring that there must be numerous boilers in the metropolis and elsewhere which are in a distinctly bad way.

I asked Mr. Waugh to tell me something concerning the ages of boilers, and when one might reasonably expect these

view, a boiler will last, with good water, from twenty-five to thirty years, but not at the pressure originally intended. The working pressure is decreased from time to time, in consequence of the well-known theory as to the fatigue of metals: that is to say, a plate may be the exact thickness it was thirty years ago, but it has lost some of its capacity to resist tensile strain because of the heat and cold expansion and the friction due to the metal performing its duty."

A fruitful source of explosions is the use of second-hand boilers of unknown age and of the condition of which the owners are ignorant, and a peculiarity of these disasters generally is that very often the lives lost are those of people who have had nothing whatever to do with the management of the boilers that have come to grief.

By way of showing the loss of life due to explosions, the following statistics, dealing only with the years since the passing of the Act referred to, will be of service. The figures have been taken



A BLOWN UP-BOILER HOUSE
Photo by Appleton and Co., Bradford

from official sources, and are complete up to June, 1895. The total number of explosions from 1882 was 1,878, the total number of lives lost was 377, and the total number of persons injured was 806. In 1895 the total number of explosions (114,) and the total number of persons killed (43), and injured (85),

were larger than in any year since the Boiler Explosions Act of 1882 came into force.

Many of these explosions were due solely to ignorance, the owners or users personally attending to the boilers, and considering that they were safe so long as they did not leak.



Parallel Diaries.

WRITTEN BY A. P. ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.

Extract from the Diary of Letitia Cooper, Spinster, West Kensington.



FATIGUING day. Most so. I am much averse to putting off a duty to the last moment: but, my chest having been so troublesome of late, and Dr. Danby having warned me repeatedly against the east winds, I have not felt justified in venturing out. To-day, however, I was obliged to choose between disregarding the doctor's warnings and letting

Hubert's 21st birthday go by without a present from me. As I am his godmother as well as his aunt, I chose the former. My conscience approved this choice, and also (but this had no influence on my

decision) Jorbett's sale commenced to-day, and their bargains are undoubtedly remarkable. I put on my warmest cloak, shetland veil, respirator, and chest-protector, and walked there after my luncheon. I had decided to spend a sum not exceeding one sovereign. It is indeed wonderful what a sovereign will cover in these days. I have not, of course, spent so much on his previous birthdays, though I have never let them go by without some small sign of my good will; but this I felt to be a unique occasion. A young man—and even a young woman—can only solemnize a 21st birthday once in a lifetime. And Hubert has shown himself to be a youth of deserving attributes: steady, sober-minded, conscientious and hard-working. I regret that my retired and simple manner of living does not allow me to see more of him at



"I WAS TWO HOURS AND A QUARTER AT JORPETT'S"



“THERE WAS NO CONCEALING THE MONSTROSITY.”

my house. I am afraid that he must sometimes feel this. But really, if one once begins that sort of entertaining the current of one's daily life is apt to be sadly disturbed. And indeed I think it is enough if I remember him handsomely twice in the year, as I invariably do—a gift on his natal day and an illuminated text at Christmas.

To-day I flatter myself that I have been very fortunate in my choice of a present. I did not hurry over it. I was two hours and a quarter at Jorbett's (how extremely uncivil some of the attendants are becoming nowadays!) and secured an article which seemed to me appropriate in every way to a young man of Hubert's tastes and circumstances. Indeed, I remember, on my last visit to his rooms—that Monday when he was not at home, and I heard

such strange sounds, as of some explosive matter, in the adjoining bedroom—that I was struck by the absence of pretty ornamentation. I may be short-sighted, but I could see that there was no luxury. The necessities he can well afford, leading a quiet, inexpensive life as he does, but the little extras which make home a home indeed, it is right and fitting that others should supply on occasions like the present.

I had it sent straight from Jorbett's and saw them affix a birthday card which I had selected—unusually pretty: two rosy children throwing the words “many happy returns” out of a cottage window. I think it should add to his pleasure.

Some young men do not appreciate these trifles. I am happy to think that dear Matilda's boy is not of these.

Extract from the Diary of Hubert Holmes, Esq., Bloomsbury.

I consider birthdays to be a beastly nuisance after the age of 15, the 21st included, unless you happen to be coming in for an estate or something.

I had hardly thought about mine to-day—was busy all morning getting my rooms ready for the Clavershams—Mrs. C. and the two girls—who came to tea here for

the first time. I had an awful job to get the place to look right; and was hours fooling about: sticking flowers into jars, borrowing Halsham's Chippendale chairs, buying the cakes, stuffing most of my photographs and smoking things out of sight, and so on.

But I left it all looking jolly—quite in

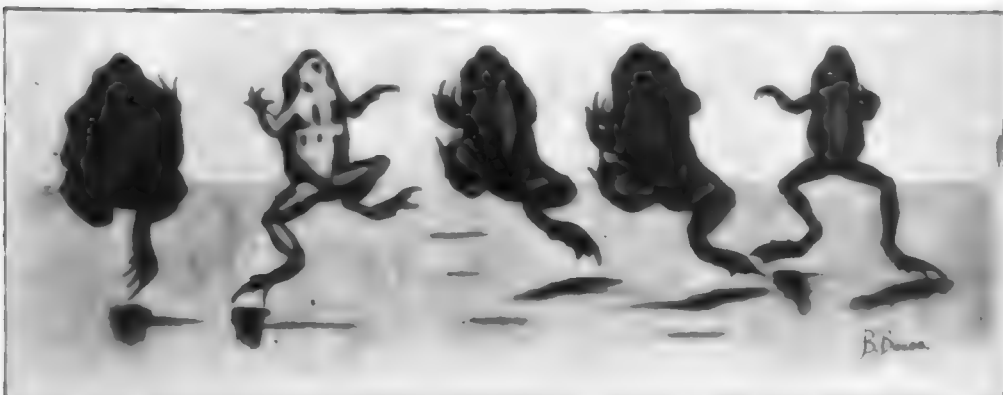
their style—and it was hard lines that when I brought them in at tea-time (we had met at Niagara by arrangement) I should find the whole show ruined by one aunt. I wish to goodness Mrs. Bonner had left the paper round the thing (she says there were instructions on the label to “set it out”). As it was, there was no concealing the monstrosity; there it stood in the middle of the room, as plain as a nose on a face: a huge wicker flower-stand with coloured bows, and a stuffed kitten on one side, and a card thing hanging on. It took all the Clavershams’ presence and my own self-control to prevent my kicking it into next week then and there.

Of course I tried to joke it off in a way, but Laura C. only said that she had never realised that “young men had birthdays, and aunts, and cards and things” after a certain age, and Mona C., the æsthetic one, turned away from it as though it had poisoned her life.

I suppose I ought to have done some work after they had left, only I wasn’t in the mood for it. Somehow when you haven’t done any work for the past week, there seems to be precious little reason for beginning again at any given moment. Besides, I had promised to dine and do the Empire with Johnson (ripping good

show it was too), so there wouldn’t have been much time. Before starting out for the evening, however, I rang for Mrs. Bonner, and told her that as she seemed to have taken a strong fancy to that flower-stand, I wished to make her a present of it; that I knew I had given her a good deal of trouble lately, bringing friends in to dinner unexpectedly, having that accident with the whiskey, keeping up the supper till four the other night, &c., &c., and that I was glad of this opportunity of rewarding her in a small way. (Did the same thing last year with the hand-painted bellows from Aunt L., now that I come to think of it.) Good old Bonner was so pleased that I knew the stand must be even worse than I had thought—if that’s possible.

If Aunt L. comes here to see me—well, I can always play off a fire in my rooms, or something. But she’s not likely to come again soon, I should think. Never shall I forget her last visit, when Johnson and I saw her coming up the stairs, and dashed into the bedroom in the nick of time, he going off, at intervals, like a soda-water bottle. I know I’m not a saint or a hero, but by Jove! I don’t know what I’ve ever done to deserve Aunt Letitia’s presents.



The Ladies' Gallery.

WRITTEN BY F. WHELAN BOYLE.



CERTAIN flavour of the seraglio which belongs to the presence of ladies in the House of Commons—the Upper Chamber is, curiously enough, far more advanced in this respect—naturally makes the subject an attractive one. Why ladies who listen to the speeches of her Majesty's faithful Commons should be hidden behind a screen, the oldest Parliamentary hand cannot adequately explain, but you have only to go to the wives and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of members to understand why the screen is likely to remain a fixture for all time. On more than one occasion some rash member has, with misguided gallantry, proposed its removal. The question has as many times been solemnly debated. But never has the Commissioner of Works for the time being failed to point to an overwhelming opinion on the part of his lady friends, generally hundreds of them, in favour of the barrier, whereupon the motion has been incontinently dropped. And their reasons lie quite on the surface. The House of Commons is often a very dull place, it is scarcely too much to say that the bulk of its time is occupied by bores. Conceive, then, the advantage to an auditor who can, unlike the little boy of the domestic adage, neither be seen nor heard, who may indulge in a whispered conference with her neighbour on her last or her next bonnet, who may yawn unrestrainedly at Mr. Y.'s platitudes and sniff her vinaigrette without reserve, while Mr. Z. is favouring the House with his views on bimetallism. And supposing that either of them was the friend who got her the seat, she can leave the gallery unobserved and offer her congratulations on "that delightful speech" the next time they meet with a clear conscience.

It was not always that the ladies were hidden spectators of law-making in the

Commons. Indeed, on some notable occasions they have been too obtrusive. According to the exact historian of Parliamentary proceedings, it was the practice in olden times for ladies to be present among other strangers in the open gallery. With the enterprise of their sex when sight-seeing is concerned, they sometimes almost monopolised the space allotted to strangers, and thus greediness ultimately led to their undoing. In 1778, on the 2nd February, a great debate took place on the state of the nation, which was just then not all that its friends could desire. There was, of course, great eagerness on the part of the public to hear the speeches, but so resolute were the ladies that we are told "they filled the whole gallery and the seats under the front gallery." This naturally annoyed the men who were shut out and the members who had promised to get them places. One of the latter, "Governor" Johnstone, as he was commonly called, went to the length of "spying strangers." In those days, and in fact to within a comparatively recent date, when the same action on the part of the late Mr. Biggar led to the exclusion of the Prince of Wales from the gallery, and of subsequent alteration of the rule, strangers were at the mercy of a single member and were immediately turned out if attention was called to their presence. So the ladies had to go, though in justice to them it should be said that they took two hours over it, and as a consequence an order was made with the object of permanently excluding them from the House. This order remained in force for fifty-six years, during which period it was only permitted to the unparliamentary sex to obtain glimpses of the proceedings by peeping down the "lantern" over the largest chandelier, which must have been a position of peculiar discomfort. In the Seventeenth Century also it would appear that ladies occupied rather a precarious position as strangers, and that the Speaker was not above cutting mild

jokes at their expense. It is related by Grey's Debates that on the 1st June, 1675, some ladies were in the gallery looking over the gentlemen's shoulders. The Speaker spying them, cried out, "What borough do these ladies serve for?" To which Mr. William Coventry replied, "They serve for the Speaker's Chamber." Sir Thomas Littleton said, "The Speaker might mistake them for gentlemen with fine sleeves dressed like ladies." Says the Speaker, "I am sure I saw petticoats." If this is a fair sample of the wit of the period, the House of Commons must have been almost as dull a place as it is now.

The Lords, too, near the beginning of last century, had a battle with the peeresses, who, more fortunate than their sisters in the Lower House, triumphed over every obstacle and emerged victorious from the conflict. Both Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montague tell the story, the latter with much detail. The peeresses had been admitted to the Debates, but made such a noise that orders were issued that their presence would be no longer tolerated. But they came again. The Lord Chancellor swore that they should not enter, and a duchess with equal warmth swore they should. These vows were exchanged about nine in the morning, for their lordships met earlier than they do now. Apparently they sat later, for it was within an hour of midnight before the battle was lost and won. The noble dames tried hammering at the doors, but though they stopped the Debate they failed to obtain admittance. After eight hours or so of this work, when everybody's knuckles were sore, strategy was resorted to. They were silent for half an hour; and when the Peers, confident that the enemy must be gone, and thirsting for fresh air, ordered the doors to be reopened, "in rushed the victorious." And the victorious band stopped there till eleven, freely joining in the applause and laughter. At the present day ladies simply pervade the House of Lords. There are peeresses' galleries on three sides, there are seats for less exalted ladies to the right and left of the Bar, and on important spectacular occasions they are allowed to flow over on to the red benches usually sacred to Peers in opposition.

In the House of Commons, although they are excluded from the actual

precincts of the Chamber, their comfort is consulted still more generously. And even this exclusion from the eye of the House has its advantage, beyond the privileges already set forth, for on the few occasions within living memory that strangers have been spied and ejected, the ladies have remained comfortably in their cage, though the Press Gallery, immediately beneath them, has been denuded of its members.

It is by no means an easy matter to obtain tickets for the Ladies' Gallery. The accommodation is limited, competition is keen, and as the favours are distributed by means of a ballot, it is conceivable that a member who is specially unlucky or who has strong views on the morality of the games of chance, may go a whole Session without an opportunity of seeing his lady friends to the door of the gallery. But he has other means of entertaining them. He can give dinner parties in a room specially set apart for that purpose; in spring and summer there is that delightful institution known as "tea on the Terrace"; the inner lobby, wrapt in the exclusiveness so dear to the female heart, may be traversed under his protecting wing until the sacred swing-doors themselves are reached. In a corner on the left a benignant past Commissioner of Works has set up a little platform on which, before big sleeves came into fashion, two ladies could comfortably stand and observe what was going on in the House. It is the duty of the member at such times to point out the celebrities present, for which purpose, if he is not uncommonly tall, and thus able to look over the brass arabesques, he will have to make hurried little excursions through the swing-doors to obtain the desired information.

During the dinner hour, when the Speaker or Chairman of Committees is having his historic "chop," a further adventure is possible. Then a lady, personally conducted by a member, may come into the House, even as far as the Bar, but a door-keeper always keeps his watchful eye on the "stranger," for the House is still nominally sitting, and what would be the fate of any unauthorised person who should cross the frontier is too terrible a thing to contemplate.

It is possible that these subsidiary diversions are valued more highly by the

ladies than admittance to the gallery itself. An hour or two spent there usually satisfies the most unhealthy appetite for talk, unless perchance the visitor is waiting to hear a speech from a husband, father, brother, or the friend that is closer than a brother. It is, of course, notorious that many speeches are made which would never have been recorded in Hansard but for the existence of the Ladies' Gallery. Members of Parliament, after all, are but human, and how can Mr. X., the young and susceptible member for Mudford, for example, resist the whispered appeal, when they are going up in the lift together, "Oh, do make a speech, I should so love to hear you." The lift, by the way, is quite a recent innovation. A few years ago visitors to the Ladies' Gallery had to mount a long flight of stairs unless they came by easy stages by way of the central lobby. Now, however, they can go comfortably almost from "door to door," and the change is much appreciated. It was made mainly, we believe, for the comfort of Mrs. Gladstone, who, when her husband was in Parliament, was a constant visitor at the House, and latterly found the stairs rather troublesome. Mrs. Gladstone always occupied the same seat in the Ladies' Gallery, in that part of it known as the Speaker's, which is reserved for distinguished visitors. Here it is that Royal Princesses sit on their rare visits to the House. Here, frequently, too, are to be found Miss Balfour, Mrs. Chamberlain, Lady Harcourt, Mrs. Asquith, and the wives of the other past and present Ministers. But the rank and file have for the most part to trust to the goddess of chance for the presence of their woman-kind during the delivery of their speeches. It is not difficult to tell when a member has a feminine audience exclusively his own. Frequent glances towards the Ladies' Gallery reveal the fact to the experienced eye, no less than a more than ordinary eagerness to gain the Speaker's attention. It would, perhaps, amount almost to a breach of privilege for one to speculate whether this ever decides the Speaker in his selection.

Ladies in the gallery cannot be recognised from the floor of the House, partly owing to the *grille*, partly to the dim half light within it. They can, however, from the Press Gallery, immediately below them, be both seen and heard, and

it would be as well if they would bear this in mind. An imperfectly heard conversation relating to the demerits of the last cook or baby's first tooth is obviously distracting to a reporter who is wrestling with a complicated financial statement, or trying to get at the real meaning of an amendment to, say, the Western Highlands and Islands (Scotland) Works Act (1891) Amendment Bill. Under such circumstances the soft, low, gentle voice of women is scarcely so excellent a thing as King Leah supposed. This is an exceptional case, of course. Most visitors to the House of either sex are too overawed by its authority to break the rule of silence which is enjoined on all strangers, and the notice at the entrance to the Ladies' Gallery is as big as any. But the fact remains that either from a feeling of not being in the House or the natural frivolity of the sex, the ladies indulge in all kinds of breaches of order, which, in the gallery at the other end of the House, would be punished with instant expulsion. Thus kid glove plaudits are not uncommon, but unless they amount to a regular demonstration, as happened not very long ago when Woman's Suffrage was under discussion, they are gallantly ignored by the Serjeant-at-Arms. Yet it has fallen to his lot to order the removal of ladies under circumstances which eminently prove the golden virtues of silence. An Irish Nationalist member was speaking, and a lady in the gallery who held contrary views signified her dissent in language not at all ladylike. This would not have mattered much, perhaps, if the wife of the Irish member had not happened to be near. A subsidiary and rather noisy debate sprang up between these two champions, ending in a cordial invitation from the door-keeper to finish it in Palace Yard.

A more picturesque breach of order occurred at the beginning of the present Session. It was approaching midnight, and doubtless the lady was tired of the debate and wished to signify the same to her cavalier in the House. Suddenly a little jewelled hand was thrust through the grating and a lace handkerchief waved gaily outside it. Some of those who saw it thought the cavalier in question expected the Heavens to fall, but a door-keeper of long service who was consulted about the phenomenon said that though rare there was plenty of precedents for it,

and precedent is everything in Parliament. A still more amusing experience was that of a member of the Press Gallery whose wife was listening to the debate. He was praying that some incident might happen "in order to give verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative" of the sitting, when he was astonished to find himself the target for paper pellets made out of the orders of the day. A glance at the *grille* discovered his wife preparing another missile. He rushed round to the entrance in time to meet her coming out. He tried to impress her with the dreadful nature of the offence, how by all the laws of nature in throwing at him she would probably have hit the First Lord of the Treasury on the other side of the House, and that

in any case she would have been arrested and imprisoned in the Clock Tower. "I don't care, it *is* such a stupid old place," was the feminine retort.

The wide corridor, with entrance to the lift on one side and the entrance to the gallery on the other, offers a convenient promenade for ladies and others who have the entrée to it, and it is largely patronised during the dinner half-hour when speaking is suspended. Here, too, is a retiring room for the ladies, where they can obtain light refreshments and set their curls in order, and on the whole, if, as Mr. Labouchere is credited to saying, the House of Commons is the worst club in Europe, it certainly holds out many attractions to those who can neither elect it nor sit in it.



Four Swaggers.

WRITTEN BY A. H. BRISTED AND WALTER BURKE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

YOU should never borrow trouble : a good prospect often turns out a duffer claim. But, on the other hand, when everything looks worst, you may strike it rich. Now, there was my last camp, up in the Southern Alps—as the New Zealanders call the South Island main

the tent blows down in a howling sou'-wester, with bitterly cold rain, and there is not a dry rag in the camp ; when the cook doesn't bake enough scones to go round ; when your blessed traverse won't close ; when you have to do dead-horse work, re-chaining all the worst lines ; or when you read in the *Christchurch News*



"WE CAN MAKE THERE BY SUNSET"

range. It was a rough, cold shop, about half-way between Christchurch and the West Coast, a comfortless sort of country described by one of our chain-men as "neither fit for dog nor devil"; and, to make it worse, we had gone up without tobacco. In town you depend a good deal on tobacco, but, up country you really get to know its value. When

that your latest flame is engaged to another fellow : in any of these cases you pull out your pipe, cut and rub up some flakes of Ruby twist, and find consolation.

How it happened would really make a yarn. I can't spin it now, but the gist of it was that the Boss and I went broke over the Great Autumn Handicap. Our



"SEEMED TO FIND THEIR SWAGS HEAVY"

survey was to start just after the Easter races. We settled with Coker before going out to the course, and had sent up the cook and all the camp truck the day before; so next morning there was nothing to prevent our making an early start, and we had just about got our fares left to go with.

* * *

"We can make *there* by sunset."

Intense energy vibrated in the tones that struck my ear and woke me in time to hear these words. I raised my head and saw a group of four swaggers, one of whom, with passionate confidence upon his coarse features and in his un-studied, gesture, pointed to a distant patch of blue gums. There had evidently been a dispute as to the choice of route. They were a rough-looking crowd, but you are glad to talk to anyone up country, and I scrambled to my feet. I had been taking the Sunday morning spell in my own manner. It was a fine sunny morning in late autumn. Though the frost hardly unlocks on the northern side of the gullies, yet you can luxuriate in summer heat wherever the sun reaches. I had risen early, breakfasted without disturbing the cook, and cleared out with

Soldiers Three to a sheltered corner of birch bush. No washing for me that day. Kipling was to give me a refreshing change from log-book and Boileau. I read three-fourths of the book before the mounting sun conspired with the fatigue of the previous week to send me to sleep.

Kipling in hand I advanced towards the men, who looked surprised enough. I wished them "Good day!" Without moving or acknowledging my salutation, the man whose speech I had heard looked at me and asked:

"Whereabouts are we, matey?"

"You're on the Chersomere, McInnes's run."

"Is that Maginnis's ranch?"

"Yes; but it's out of your road."

"Why? What do you know of our road? What's your job, matey, anyhow?"

His manner annoyed me. Yet there was a gravity, and even, as I thought, an anxiety in his tone that compelled me to answer temperately.

"Well, I expect you're bound from Christchurch to Hokitika. I'm a surveyor's cadet."

His manner changed at once.

"Beg pardon, sir. Mates, this ain't no slop [policeman]. My mates, sir: Noah, Cockney Joe and Shiner."

The old man tugged at a forelock beneath his hat, Cockney Joe gave me the benefit of nods, Shiner a sullen grunt.

"You'll have walked a bit this morning," I remarked.

"True for you, sir," said Noah. "Bill"—he nodded to the leader—"made us."

"Come on to the camp. It's just here, on the creek. We'll all be glad to see you."

I led the way through the bush. The

out his own, starting to clean it out in a leisurely way. Three of them muttered something unintelligible. Bill rose to the occasion.

"Thanky, Boss!" he said, and proceeded to stir up the ashes in his bowl without turning them out.

It seemed incredible, but they evidently had no baccy. The Boss had realised it before I had, and he was already rummaging among the empty tins. In a moment he was cutting a lump off a long fig of very coarse-looking tobacco, which he immediately passed on to Noah.



"THEY TOOK A SPELL."

cook was dishing the Sunday dinner, and, confident in the staying power of a roast leg and loin and a whopping duff behind, he made them heartily welcome. The Boss did the honours with as keen enjoyment as when we lunched Glasgow and all the racing big-wigs. The four ate like famished men, though everything was consumed decently and in order. They passed the first helping of each course to Noah. When the board was cleared came the Boss's critical moment. He faced it bravely.

"Got your pipes?" he asked. "Cook allows us to smoke here;" and he pulled

"Will you try this?" he asked, in his suavest tones. "It's a bit strong, but it comes from Maryland."

They all filled gravely, and in a few minutes there was a stench in that tent worthy of Topket. With or without excuse, the rest of us were outside in about two minutes.

"What is it? What on earth is it?" I asked the cook.

"Sheep dip."

"How can the Boss smoke it?"

"Well, fact is, he can't. He got it from McInnes first day he was up, when you was away in the bush for trig poles,

smoked one pipe, and it laid him out. Went away looking like death. But first, "Cook," says he, "don't let the men have that infernal stuff. I don't want them poisoned this end of the contract!" "No, sir," I says, "I won't! But the spirit of him to tackle it again! Why—hullo, what's this?"

"This" was a mounted policeman who appeared round the first turn in the creek.

The cook dived into the galley, and quickly reappeared with the hot billy of

"Splendid bar," thought I, admiring the cook, "but what's it all for?"

"I s'pose," said the policeman, "you've had no swaggers at your camp?"

"Yes, four," said the cook, "but I didn't like the looks of 'em, and I sent 'em over to McInnes's yonder. Are you after them?"

The policemen nodded. "I must be jogging," he said, and swung himself stiffly into the saddle.

The cook's sympathies were not with law and order.



"THE SPELL HAD TAKEN THEM"

tea and a pannikin. He let the flap fall behind him, and then quickly motioned us to come down to the fire with him, away from the big tent.

In another minute the policeman rode up, and we exchanged friendly greetings. Tea was offered and accepted.

"We don't want to disturb the boss," said the cook, "he's in there with McKerrow."

"What, the Railway Commissioner?"

"Ay. Him and the Boss is pals. Used to be Surveyor-General, you'll remember."

"O yes," said our visitor, evidently much impressed.

What he said to the four when their smoke was done I don't know, but presently they were on the road again, and it wasn't the road to McInnes's. I thought they seemed to find their swags very heavy. But Fate was less kind than the cook. They had no condition on them, and about three o'clock, their wind, much embarrassed by hard walking and soft duff, gave out, and the four took a spell. At ten minutes past three the spell had taken them. At ten past five the trooper relieved Morpheus, and at the point of his revolver had exacted their parole to return quietly with him to Lyttleton.

The capture had really been smart. Dallying not a minute by our cook's hospitable fire, he had ridden at a steady pace to McInnes's, had there ascertained without waste of words that the cook had "put him away," made a rapid deduction—for a policeman—and travelling at a reckless pace had come up with his quarry before dark, and had effected an easy arrest. He was so pleased with himself that he could not help coming back to our camp to show the cook the futility of trying to mislead a mounted policeman. Cook took it in good part, and we put all five up for the night.

Towards two in the morning I woke and found Bill's hand on my forehead.

"Don't speak," he whispered. "Something for you. Stow it in your blanket."

He handed me a heavy oblong packet wrapped in oilskin.

"Three more outside," he said. "Wait and I'll get 'em."

They were stowed before I ventured, "What is it?"

"Baccy."

"The dickens it is. But I say——"

"O, it's all right, sir. We wasn't broaching cargo. We bought and paid for it. Hasn't paid duty, that's all."

"But——"

"Well, we're bound to have our swags overhauled, and ud sooner you had it. You've been good to us, an' there's a whack all round: the Boss, cook, t'other fellow, an' you, sir. An' we hopes you'll

like it, not but that was good stuff the Boss cut up to-day."

A scrape on the ground, a gleam of starlight, as he lifted the tent-flap, and my visitor was gone.

• • • • •

Three weeks later the Boss finished helping the duff, opened his weekly press, and presently read out :

"RUN-AWAY SAILORS—At the Lyttleton Stipendiary Magistrates' Court on April 21st, Nathan Johnson, William Everist, Joseph Horne and — Shiner were charged with deserting their ship, the *Daisy Cleveland*. Evidence of the desertion and arrest (a very smart one) having been given, the four accused pleaded "Guilty." Ezra Adams, the master of the *Daisy Cleveland*, said he would be satisfied if the men would return to duty ; and the prisoners, expressing their willingness to work, they were cautioned against future misconduct by the Bench and were sent on board."

That was all we heard of them, but the baccy lasted the winter and made it a good camp, so we blessed their memory day and night.

Never borrow trouble. Eh? O no, not a bit, we are conscientious beggars. We work about half a link to the mile in practice, though the theory allows us two links ; but there's no "limit of error" to a surveyor's conscience outside his work. We never thought about the duty at all.



Chess in London.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

CHESS, as a profession has decayed in England of late years, and recent international tournaments have shown clearly enough the lack of successors to the great English "masters" of the last generation. But chess as a recreation was never more popular; nor was there ever more raw material for chess masters. Fortunately, however, the commercial instinct of the race is strong enough to guard our

middle of their career. "The destruction of chess," said a leading secretary to me the other day, "is getting married. Many a fine player is ruined in that way! The courting period," he added upon reflection, "is almost worse. A married man is generally allowed one chess evening a week, after the first year—sometimes two evenings. An engaged man often doesn't get any." The lucky players who are in this state of suspended

animation are said to ignore the most urgent summons of the secretary, and are naturally demiss in the following brief tour round the city.

To begin with the oldest, the City of London Club was instituted in '52, and, after a few years of fluctuating fortunes, became acknowledged as the premier club in the city. So many of its members play for other teams in the League (into which clubs, both in London and the suburbs, are formed for competition) that it has of late years had to suc-



CHESS CLOCKS

Photo by H. W. Parritt, Highgate

young amateurs against entering a profession so uncertain and ill-paid. In support of these remarks it may be mentioned that some London amateurs recently drew a match with a good team of professionals, Mr. T. Lawrence, mentioned later on, holding his own with Mr. E. Lasker, the professional champion of the world. The present article is limited to a few of the leading features of chess in the metropolis; even then it is impossible to include all the players of first-class amateur strength. For one reason they are too numerous; for another chess players are subject to a break—a year or two's disappearance—in the

cumb to its younger rival, the Metropolitan Club; but for tournament play and for practice (it meets daily) it is unrivalled. The present champion of the club, Mr. T. Lawrence, already mentioned, worthily comes first in this review. Born in '71, Mr. Lawrence is now a tall, slight young fellow, a deep reader and thinker, and a most courteous and pleasant companion as well as a fine chess player. He commenced his chess career as a member of the "Ibis," a club of the second rank, for which he still plays in preference to any other—and then received the odds of a rook in the club tournament. From that time his progress has been

uniform and rapid. He has won the championship of many clubs, including the Ibis and Bohemians, upon various occasions, and prizes innumerable. His record in match and tournament games during the last few seasons has been phenomenal, considering the strength of the opponents whom he has met, and success has never been better deserved. His play is a happy combination of foresight, when calculation is possible, and judgment in positions that defy analysis; and his remarkable grasp of the game is further shown by his capacity of playing half-a-dozen games simultaneously without sight of boards or men. The club contains many other members worthy of detailed notice. Messrs. Moriau, Physick, Herbert Jacobs, and Dr. Smith are all past champions, distinguished by their originality and force of play. Messrs. Mocatta and Woon and Dr. Coupland are players of great judgment and resource. Mr. J. H. Taylor is a fine match player, and, owing to his quickness of perception, still stronger at off-hand games. The brothers H. W. and H. A. H. Carson have a special gift for inventive combination, and many other powerful exponents of the game are mentioned



MR. T. LAWRENCE

under the clubs for which they play in the League.

The Metropolitan Club at Mullen's Hotel in Ironmonger Lane, although only started a few years ago, now boasts of some five hundred members, and has for several years been the champion of

the London League. It may almost be said to divide London into two sections, Metropolitans and Non-Metropolitans! The present writer belongs to the latter



REV. L. W. LEWIS

Photo by A. and G. Taylor

category, which perhaps explains his complaint that the club stretches its long arm down into the country rather far—say to Southampton—to bring up strong players for important matches. Every one must admit at least that the club has in London twenty players who would make a good fight against the same number of the other city clubs combined, and that its extreme keenness and energy are a model to the followers of any sport. Among its regular players, Mr. R. Loman, some time champion of Holland and of the City of London Club, is of quite professional strength; Mr. Lord in some years has been almost invincible; Messrs. Michell and Stow are among the finest of our younger players. Mr. E. M. Jackson and Mr. A. Hunter are of the strikingly brilliant order; Mr. Heppell has few superiors. Messrs. E. and F. Humphreys, father and son, are both dashing in attack and cool in defence; Mr. Baxter is never beaten till the game is over; and that such a player as Mr. Eastwood plays low down in the team is enough to say that it is the best in London. Among the occasional players are Rev. W. Wayte, for years the strongest amateur player in England; Mr. Blake, the captain of Hants, and probably second to none to-day, and the Rev. L. Lewis, Rector of Meopham, the

genial captain of the Kent County Team and of the Rochester Chess Club. The latter is the strongest Club in the provinces near London, and has become almost a



MR. T. H. MOORE
Photo by Cobb and Co.

part of city chess by its warm reception of visitors. The captain takes a full part in this reception, and some of the strongest of the visitors have fallen before him. During last year he had the satisfaction of beating in succession Messrs. Lawrence, Flynn and Curnock, and Kent's lack of success has not been due to any want of energy and leading upon his part. It may be mentioned here that both the Metropolitan and City Clubs have this year stood out of the League contests to give the weaker clubs a chance. There were many little points involved upon which it is not necessary or desirable to touch. It is enough to say that every good sportsman looks for their re-entry next season.

The Ludgate Circus Club has charming little rooms in St. Andrew's Restaurant, St. Bride Street. It is an old-established Club, with an old-established secretary in Mr. T. H. Moore, perhaps the best known name in London Chess circles. Some of Mr. Moore's sayings have passed into proverbs, and none more so than the famous axiom that "things which are different are not the same!" One must know the 'ifs' and 'ands' of the beaten chess player to appreciate it: the reversing two moves which didn't seem to matter, the making the move which he didn't mean, &c. Let clubs, which

want to curb the members who are always bewailing the lost games that should have been won, frame the motto and hang it up. It will pay them. Mr. Moore is one of the kindest and most popular of men, and a good player, it may be added in passing. The club is singularly rich in strong players upon the top boards. Mr. N. W. Van Lennep, winner of the German amateur championship, and therefore a "master," joined late last season and met with brilliant success. Although only twenty-four, and young for that, he bids fair to equal anyone in the metropolis this season. His good humour and quickness make him a very pleasant opponent, and his superiority is usually so great as to remove any possibility of jealousy. He speaks English perfectly, and is very interested in our sports, especially cricket. Mr. A. Howell (last year's champion of the club) and his brother, Mr. P. Howell, are both very fine players. Mr. H. H. Cole, the preceding season's champion, is, at twenty-two, one of the best in town, and is popularly believed to have learnt the moves before he knew the alphabet. His record in the season '94-5 was very fine. Out of sixty serious games he won forty-four, drew fourteen, and lost only two.



MR. A. E. HEIJEN

Mr. Curnock, if somewhat lacking in steadiness, is second to none in real talent for the game, and some of his best play is a treat for the connoisseur. He can play half-a-dozen games blindfold. Messrs. Hauff, Fazan, Johnson, Bolt,

Barlow, and several others are good players. The tail has been weak, but is greatly improved this season, during which the club has even beaten the famous City Club.

The Bohemians have now moved to *ultima thule* (i.e. Broad Street), having amalgamated with the Corinthians; and so many of their old players have left that the club is practically a new one. In the past their great player has been Mr. A. Tietjen, whose analytical powers and wide knowledge of the game and its principles are universally admitted. He is one of those players whose success is due mainly to superior foresight and to sound judgment, but he is by no means lacking in attacking powers. It is to be hoped that the club will still retain his support. Of the other players Messrs. Cresswell (former champion of Surrey), Cudmore, Dinnis, Hamburger, and W. G. Hill are all very strong exponents of the steady, accurate school. Messrs. Flynn (winner of last season's brilliancy prize) and H. C. Hill shine rather in attack, and have both good records. Messrs. Detmold and Schulz (the former secretary, whose courtesy made him universally popular), are also good players. The Bohemians have withdrawn from

convenient meeting ground for many contests. Kent and Surrey fight out one or two matches there every year, and a great match of one hundred aside was



MR. W. W. WHITE
Photo by W. and D. Downey

played at the Cannon Street Hotel, between the North and South of London last May, resulting in a victory for the North by $57\frac{1}{2}$ games to $42\frac{1}{2}$. In organising these matches two gentlemen famous in such projects took a very prominent part, viz., Messrs. S. Plummer and W. W. White. The former was till a month or two ago the secretary both of the famous Battersea Chess Club and of the Surrey County Association, and filled both offices to perfection. In his portrait most London players will recognise an old friend. Mr. White is the secretary of the Plumstead Chess Club, and organiser of big contests for Kent and for London, doubtless for England if necessary. His persuasive powers draw the most backward player to his matches, and Mrs. White lends the moral support of her presence to them. It is hoped that these gentlemen will come to the fore in renewing the contests between the North and South of England, which excited so much interest a little time back, and which were won by the South mainly owing to the strength of the London contingent.

Space does not permit of reference to the chess-masters generally, but special notice is due to Mr. I. Gunsberg, winner of two international tournaments and prizeman in several others:



MR. A. W. VAN TIENEP
Photo by Keene and Buttinghausen

the first division of the League this season, and many of the players mentioned therefore play for other clubs in it.

Chess in the city is not confined, however, to the clubs enumerated. All roads lead to London, and it is the most

the 'mind,' to tell an almost open secret, which informed the wonderful chess automaton Mephisto. Mr. Gunsberg has practically retired from active play now, but his services to the game as chess-journalist, and as adjudicator of unfinished games in the League contests, are invaluable. The number of games having to be so decided is often considerable, and the time is short, so that the best of adjudicators must make an occasional mistake; but it is well to think twice before questioning Mr. Gunsberg's decision. Last year a noted player challenged one promptly and decidedly, remarking that it was not possible to judge so complicated a position so quickly—for the adjudicator had barely looked at it. Whereupon Mr. Gunsberg quietly sat down and demonstrated the win. "Well, I should have thought it impossible to analyse the position in the time," said the doubter. "Quite impossible," was the reply, "but I had been following the game on another board for the half-hour before play ceased!"

In order to get games finished so far as possible during the time allotted for play, players are required to make not less than twenty-four moves an hour; and the following picture of the chess clocks used for timing may be of interest to some who have not seen them. The clocks move round a pivot, and the one which is up (belonging to the player whose turn it is to move) goes whilst the one which is down stops, until a tap upon the other end puts it up in turn, when its owner has to play. One of our London cracks records that after a tough match game, in which he had been much worried by the flight of time, he had a terrible nightmare. The clocks were very large and loud, he dreamed, and *his* clock was larger and went much faster than his opponent's (the real ones seem

to do that too). As he got into worse and worse difficulties his clock went faster and faster, and at last, when he had ten moves to make in about half a minute, the clacking of his pendulum grew so loud as to wake him up—to find his small son, aged three, rattling the loose iron side of his crib with an energy usual in youngsters in the small hours of the morning.

Lastly it should be remarked that there is much fine play in London outside the chess clubs, in various coffee-houses and restaurants. Prominent among these is Yexley's in St. Bride Street,

better known by its old name of Oliphant's. There flock all sorts and conditions of men who have a spare hour for chess, whether over their luncheons or dinners, or when the work of the day is over. There are found all nationalities, all creeds, all social grades and all strengths of play—for the only conditions are that you must play quickly and keep your temper. Even these conditions are waived in a few instances! At some time or other most



MR. W. F. PLUMMER
Photo by Charles F. Treble

of the good players already mentioned are to be found there—some often, some seldom; but the curiosities of the place are certain habitués who are to be found there always. Some come as soon as the place opens, and stop till the waitresses "Florry" or "Mary" turn out the lights—which is generally understood to be a hint to go—but mostly they have regular hours for coming and going. They do not court publicity, and it would be an unpardonable offence to mention names. The curious reader must go there and see for himself. He may see some of the finest chess in England; and he is certain, if he is an observer, to learn something of men and manners.

X.

Dialogue of the Month.

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

WRITTEN BY CLARENCE ROOK.

AH, so good of you to come," murmured Mrs. Wingate Evans as our hands met for a hurried moment. "Yes, yes," she continued, in answer to the enquiry in my raised eyebrows, "it went off beautifully. We got through quite early, and Ida—oh! how do you do, dear?" (this to a new arrival in drawing-room silk and plumes). "How lovely you look; you'll quite put poor Ida in the shade. Yes, you'll find her in there."

I stood aside while Miss Emmeline De Winton swept—the word is appropriate, for a yard or so of her train was upon the floor—into the room, and picked my way carefully behind her.

"Dear me, Mr. Parker!" said Mrs. De Winton. "Fancy seeing you at a drawing-room tea—such a recluse."

"I have come," I replied, "to witness the triumph of Ida. You know she is a sort of—well—protégée of mine. I dandled her on my knee——"

"Fie!" said Mrs. De Winton with painful archness.

"When she was—shorted. Isn't that the word? And I've watched her progress to—well—this."

I turned my eyes for a moment in the direction of the hearthrug upon which Ida, dazzling in white satin and all the rest of it, was standing, shaking hands with her visitors, balancing a cup of tea and a piece of cake, and sparing an eye to see that her train was duly respected.

"Ah, dear Ida," said Mrs. De Winton, following my eyes. "Why, how nice she looks! I had no idea she could be made so—so——" Mrs. De Winton's gaze returned to her daughter. "Emmeline, love," she said in an undertone, "you should go and stand by Ida—and do be careful with your train, it is dragging."

Miss De Winton moved on, reluctantly; for Gerald O'Brien was paying her

compliments, the only thing he was ever in a position to pay.

"Girls are so thoughtless," murmured Mrs. De Winton, as she watched the fair Emmeline and Ida—the fairer—smiling at one another like Cicero's haruspices.

For a moment I caught Ida's glance, and she smiled at me; such a smile as the planet Venus might bestow on the worshipping astronomer. She was only ten feet away, but inaccessible; much further off than when I had last seen her, half a year ago, on the top of a haystack.

"Oh, will you get me some tea, Mr. Parker?" said a voice at my side. I turned, and saw Mrs. Skalding, washed along by the tide of new-comers, fixing me with a significant look.

"Of course," I said. "But I think you had better come with me. The tea is over in that corner, to judge by the tinkle."

"What tact you have!" said Mrs. Skalding, as we edged our way through to the tea-table. "I was getting intolerably bored by that man; he's writing a book or something: and I don't really want tea at all, but——"

"Yes I know," I replied, "Mrs. Wingate Evans always keeps whisky and soda in a discreet corner."

"Dear man!" said Mrs. Skalding.

"How well Ida is looking!" said Mrs. Skalding, as I attended to her wants. "Quite presentable."

"She has just been presented," I interjected.

"And her nose is not a bit red, is it?"

"Why should it be red?"

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Skalding, nodding her head sagely. "But you might do better, if you only took a little trouble. You *ought* to marry, you know."

"Possibly," I replied. "But I'm moderately happy as I am; and it's no good meeting trouble half way."

"Really," said Mrs. Skalding, looking

across at Ida, "I can't understand how Mrs. Wingate Evans does it."

"Does what?" I asked.

"Why, this," said Mrs. Skalding, waving a comprehensive hand. "How can she afford to bring the girls up for the season, to present Ida—when everybody knows——"

"What do they know?"

"Well," Mrs. Skalding pursed her lips, "we go to the same dressmaker; and what your dressmaker doesn't tell you isn't worth finding out."

This was enigmatical, and I watched Mrs. Skalding sip her refreshment in silence, my eyes wandering now and again to where Ida was talking to young Mr. Sivewright, whose father's death had given him a commanding share in a bank in the Midlands.

"Yes," Mrs. Skalding was saying as she bobbed her hat feathers at Gerald O'Brien, "don't the seasons come round! This season is always here before you've had time to forgive your last season's enemies."

"Or pay your last season's debts," said O'Brien.

Mrs. Skalding was amused. So I took advantage of an opening lane and made for Ida.

"You're a great success," I said, as I took her hand—offered in queenly fashion.

Ida looked complacently at one gleaming shoulder, and then, still more complacently, at Miss Emmeline De Winton. Then she gave a pleased little laugh.

"Well, did it go off all right?" I asked. "Were you nervous? Did you tumble over your train—or kiss the Lord Chamberlain by mistake—or——"

"Of course not," said Ida with superlative calm. "It was all perfectly simple; and the Princess smiled at me so nicely. It was all over before I knew where I was."

"Like having a tooth out."

"Oh, nothing so horrid, more like—eating an ice."

"Won't you come and sit down," I said. "It's quite a long time since I saw you; there's room in that corner."

Ida glanced round her. "I *am* rather tired," she said. "Now, you must be careful; wait till I get my train out of the way. There, now you may talk to me."

"Well, Ida," I said, "you are getting

on. You have been christened, vaccinated, confirmed; now you have been presented, and the next thing I suppose——"

"Don't be so silly," said Ida.

"Oh, lots of girls get married," I remarked.

"Why didn't you marry, Mr. Parker?" asked Ida, leaning back in her corner seat and looking at me over her bouquet.

"I don't see why you should put it in that tense," I replied, "as though my chance was over. Besides—why Mr. Parker? Why not Bobby?"

Ida's nose went down among the flowers.

"Why not Bobby?" I repeated.

"Well," said Ida, "you see, when people are grown up——"

"I was grown up," I retorted, "when I—when I carried you round the garden on my shoulders, and I was Bobby then."

Ida frowned slightly, as she always does when about to jump a syllogism into a conclusion.

"I was grown up," I continued, "when you promised to be my wife if I would lift you down from the apple tree."

"Oh, don't be stupid," said Ida. "*Don't* you see, if you were very old, it wouldn't matter; but people wouldn't understand. and Mamma says——"

"Oh, Mamma has broached the subject?"

"Don't," said Ida: "here she comes."

"Ida, my dear," said Mrs. Wingate Evans, "you shouldn't hide yourself like this. Here is Lord Arthur Barkston, who has been asking for you."

Mrs. Wingate Evans signalled me with her bouquet, and Lord Arthur slipped gracefully into my seat.

"Do get me a cup of tea," she said.

"I am so tired, and the people are going, thank Heaven! Oh, are you going so soon, Mrs. Poynder? We shall see you at Lady Gertrude's to-morrow; remember Tuesday is my day; so good of you to come; dear Ida was so pleased."

And Mrs. Wingate Evans sunk into a sequestered easy-chair.

"You are to be congratulated on the success of to-day," I said.

"Ah, yes, I had set my heart on giving Ida a good start. She will have her season; but, dear me, dear me! how I've had to scheme for it. Ah, a family of daughters is a great responsibility, you can have no idea. Oh, Bobby, you can tell me something, perhaps. You know

I've always treated you as one of the family."

"What is it?" I asked, "Is it about Lord Arthur Barkston?"

For Mrs. Wingate Evans' eyes were upon the pair in the corner. She looked at me for a moment and nodded.

"I believe he has made some money over South Africa," I said, "and he's on a good many Boards of Directors in the city, and—well, I don't know that there's anything else against him."

Mrs. Wingate Evans looked thoughtfully into her cup. "I wish you would—do what you can to find out," she said. "You see it's so awkward for me, the girls having no father or brothers. And I've always felt that I could trust you. Of course with most young men one would . . . Well, somehow, you are different."

Mrs. Wingate Evans laid her hand familiarly upon my arm.

"I will do my best," I said, "and I'm sure I hope—for Ida's sake . . . Well, I must be going." I had never been able to decide whether I was the more pleased or annoyed at Mrs. Wingate Evans' confidence in me. It was so obviously based on the fact that I was

unattractive, and generally speaking ineligible.

Ida was still talking to Lord Arthur when I rose to go, and I did not catch her eye.

Outside the drawing-room door I found Gwen and two of the younger girls. They dashed for me.

"Oh, isn't it rot getting presented!" said Gwen.

"Ida was practising for a week," said Gladys; "she had a bath towel for a train."

"My dear Gwen," I said, "you will be presented in a year or two, if you are not careful."

"Not me," said Gwen. "Oh, Bobby, come and slide down the banisters and have pandemonium tea with us. There's muffins. And they can't hear us upstairs."

"Come along, there's a good Bobby," said Gladys. "We've been making toffee. And Ida won't slide down the banisters any more."

I glanced back into the drawing-room, where I saw Ida giving Lord Arthur a flower from her bouquet.

"All right," I said, as Gwen caught my hand, "let's take it out in toffee."



"My First Appearance."

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS.

X.—MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE (MISS WINIFRED EMERY).

IT was in his dressing-room at the Haymarket Theatre, while he was preparing himself, or rather being prepared, for his part in *Under the Red Robe*, that I undertook to act in the capacity of Grand Inquisitor to Mr. Cyril Maude. His first stage appearance can claim originality, if nothing else, for with the sole exception of Mr. Charles Wyndham he is, I fancy, the only prominent English actor of the day who can claim to have "faced the footlights" for the first time in his life on the stage of an obscure theatre in an alien land.

Obscure, perhaps, but beautiful withal. Listen to Mr. Cyril Maude on this point.

"The theatre at Denver, Colorado, where I first went on the stage," he informed me, while resigning himself to the tender mercies of his dresser, "is one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. The dress-circle is all laid out in polished wood, and the effect is, as you may imagine, very pleasing and elegant. One gets a mixed audience in Colorado, but the management *do* make them comfortable, and no mistake!"

"But what made you go West, Mr. Maude?" I demanded.

"I was sent abroad for my health's sake, and there may have been some idea of my learning farming according to the 'American plan.' But I preferred the drama, and I became so enamoured of it as the result of my experience upon the Denver stage that my

people did not oppose the idea. On the contrary, and albeit not exactly a 'stage-stuck' family, they afforded me every encouragement to pursue my histrionic studies. Yes, 'Cyril Maude' is a real name."

Mr. Maude looks exceedingly boyish now. I fancy he must have appeared



MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE"

Photo by Window and Grove

absolutely infantile then, seeing that he names 1883 as the date of his going on the stage at Denver, Col., and states that he was twenty-one at the time. He has played such a variety of character parts



MR. CYRIL MAUDE IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE"
Photo by W. and D. Downey

since then that it is really matter for wonderment that he should be so youthful.

"Do not imagine, however, that all was plain sailing from the date of my Denver engagement. On the contrary, I experienced desperate difficulty in obtaining an engagement in my native land, and a couple of years elapsed before I really got my foot in."

While he was still speaking Miss Winifred Emery knocked at the dressing-room door, and Mr. Cyril Maude intro-

duced me to his accomplished wife. "Now ours is a case of complete and utter contrast," said he. "Whereas I, as I have told you, do not come of a theatrical stock, my wife can claim what ranks, I believe, as the oldest theatrical ancestry in England. Her father was the distinguished Samuel Emery, her grandfather was John Emery, and her great-grandfather was Mackle Emery, all three successively famous in the growing life of the British drama."

"And did you, with this illustrious ancestry, adopt 'the' profession at a tender age, Mrs. Maude?" I inquired.

"Tender indeed," was the rejoinder. "It would have been rankest heresy, would it not, to have adopted any other line of life? Anyway, my initial appearance was made at a few months' old, when as a baby I was 'carried on' in a performance of *The Green Bushes*."

"I wonder whether you squalled?" put in the interviewer.

"I conveniently don't remember," said Miss Winifred Emery, with a faint shoulder shrug. "Afterwards I played a fairy queen in pantomime—quite as a young girl, of course, before I was thirteen—and then by slow steps began the progress by which I have climbed to any position that I may have attained in pursuit of the art that I love. It would be in 1885-86 that I began to achieve any popularity as an actress."

It is remarkable what a tiny proportion of the leading actors and actresses of the day have attended schools of acting and elocution. In the case of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude it has been mainly close observation and intense application that have won a way for them in the thorny paths of histrionic adventure. The way has indeed been adventitious for both, but at least it has led ever and always upward.

The Maude-Harrison management of Mr. Tree's old theatre—now no longer "old" but brilliantly and gorgeously new—is an ideal one in every essential. Theirs is probably one of the youngest, if not the youngest co-lesseeships in the history of the drama, and not even the famed Hare-Kendal management of the St. James's Theatre could surpass it in the "nearness" of the two artists to each other—the one always willing to give way to the other, both equally anxious for the success of their enterprise at whatever cost to themselves.

Mr. Cyril Maude loves society, his wife does not. She says she would feel well satisfied never to go into society at all, only to act, and adds that if it were but a small part to play, or no part at all, she would feel satisfied. She owns that she "likes to make her audience cry," yet she does not dislike making them laugh. Therein she is—a woman. She likes not to be attired in modern dress upon the stage, claiming that it does not suit her, wherein she makes a mistake. Miss Emery believes in understudying. Did she not understudy Miss Ellen Terry with such marked success that people remarked upon the "likeness"?—a reproach from which she took care to shake herself free, however, at the earliest opportunity.

It will not be considered out of place to enumerate here Miss Emery's principal impersonations to date. These include *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Lady Teazle* (a character of which the actress is par-

ticularly fond), *Miss Tomboy*, *Vashti Dethic* in *Judah*, "Dearest" in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Mrs. Fraser* in *The Benefit of the Doubt*, and *Bazilide* in *For the Crown*. She believes that the "sex play" has had its day. Many will doubtless hope that she is not mistaken, even though she herself—as in *Sowing the Wind* and *The Late Mr. Castello*—has been guilty of active and important participation in plays that are at least "half" problem.

I have explained that Miss Winifred Emery comes of an eminently theatrical family. She remembers vividly how her father once impressed upon her the fact that an actress is of no use unless she have originality, and she may well claim to have climbed to greatness largely on the strength of that criticism. "Never have I had to withstand such stern critics," she says, "as I had in my own home as a young girl. But I am all the better for the teaching."



Full Moon Festival in Siam.

WRITTEN BY G. W. WARD.

FOR fifty-one weeks in the year that curious temple, Wat P'u K'au T'ong, presents the appearance it wears in our illustration, an air aloof, deserted, such as mountain monasteries assume; silent all, save for the occasional sound made by some saffron-robed priest, or some sated heavily-flapping vulture strayed from the neighbouring Golgotha of Wat S'ket. Few worshippers trouble it, by reason of the labour of climbing so high; for it is the highest point on all the flat tableland found within fifty miles round Bangkok, and, though it commands a glorious view of palaces and palms, and broad winding river, it is no joke mounting to a summit on a summer afternoon. I am not going to give its history, though there is a half-legendary story of the building of the huge pyramidal hill by the founder of the present dynasty, of an ambition to emulate Cheops, in brick, in honour of a shrine to hold a tooth of Buddha himself—which ambition, like many others, was unfulfilled for want of funds, though not before a marvellous amount of work had been done by slaves. My present concern is merely with an interesting episode as to its modern existence.

Once a year, in the cool season, and when the moon is in her most resplendent phase, for she is a great factor in Siamese festivities, the holy mount completely alters its character: it becomes the pleasure-ground of the entire capital—a combination of Lourdes and Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday, where for once a pauper may jostle a prince and yet escape whipping. To describe it properly one should be fresh from the first visit. I who essay the task shall fail, I fear, from sheer over-familiarity.

It is sunset, or thereabouts, when the pilgrimage to the temple begins. In their place of honour at the summit of the hill are exposed the two great relics, Gautama's tooth and footprint—not less

honoured. The former is obviously equine, and the latter merely a *replica* of older copies distributed about Ceylon and Burma and Siam, all resembling a grave rather than a human footprint. The apostle of self-oblivion must have been an extraordinary-looking philosopher, judging from these vestiges. His chroniclers describe him as having had forty teeth, "all equal and set closely together"; and, as the one on view is about three inches long and proportionately massive, the last of the Buddhas must have worn a pretty shark-like aspect. However, there it lies on its tiny golden altar in the centre of the little chapel, whilst alongside is the footprint—a square-ended, grave-like excavation some five feet long by two broad, and fully eighteen inches deep. Both are surrounded by crowds of olive-skinned, betel-chewing, chattering Siamese, all in holiday dress—or undress—and each pressing forward to paste his modicum of gold-leaf on the sides of the "footprint" (to be subsequently scraped off and resold by the priests), and so be free to pursue his chief object—the merrymaking in the fair below. All is uproar. Sonorous bells are clanging every few feet along the path which corkscrews around the hill, "making merit" on behalf of the devotees in the ears of the awakened gods, and so serving Gautama's purpose of distracting men's thoughts from mundane sorrow; ascetic-looking *p'hra* (a variant of Pharaoh, probably) are monotonously chanting their litanies of passive perfection, looking utterly unlike their lay compatriots, with their shaven heads and eyebrows and chins, receiving the votive gifts of fruit and fairings with an assumed air of blank indifference intended to represent intense introspective searching—not even troubling to take up a collection, though a sort of offertory exists at the foot of the hill in the shape of waxen slabs, whereto donors can stick their offerings of silver. And all the time, from sunset

till long after midnight, the fair-grounds below are flaring with lights, ringing with mirth, deafening with drums—for fifty thousand young folks are spending one of their chief holidays, and, like young

as an excuse for a repartee with the good-looking girl who serves them, or more frequently—for they like a gamb'le for their money—spending a *salung* (fourpence) for the privilege of pulling a



WAT SAKET, BANGKOK

people in other lands, a good deal more money than they ought.

Little sadness marks the way they take their pleasures. The throng jostles jestingly down one alley of booths and up another, occasionally buying a tawdry Brummagem trinket from some stall

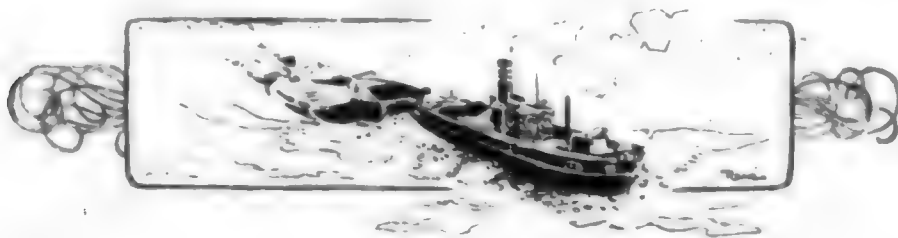
thread out of a bundle, on the remote chance that the other end may be attached to an accordion or an eighteen-penny bangle. Every few yards a gong or conch-shell heralds the exhibition of some freak of nature—a two-headed, chameleon-like *tok-kay*, perhaps, or a

double-headed pig, at which interesting phenomena, though seen in a bottle, darkly, the crowd gape in interested simplicity. The chief attraction, however, is the circus—an institution never seen, so far as I remember, save at this festival. When I visited the institution it belonged to a young nobleman, grave, gold-spectacled, and high-collared, who personally — because *noblesse* obliged, maybe—superintended the sale of tickets.

As a travesty of an English hippodrome the performance was screamingly farcical; the stud comprised one old white pony whose rider was perpetually falling off, a juggler who couldn't juggle, and a clown who played pranks for twenty long minutes with an air-balloon, tossing it up and affecting to lose it, and finally exhibiting very genuine amazement when it did really disappear, through a European spectator hiding it when the jester was looking elsewhere. But the crowning glory of the performance was the "bull and tiger fight"—there was no fooling about that! Far back, behind the wretched little orchestra, were a couple of caged leopards—both sleek and lithe, and looking fully as vicious as those who stood by knew, from experience, they were. For had not one, only a few months before, struck down a slave-child in the Palace? while the other might, until lately, have been seen daily taking his *pasear* in the streets of the capital, chained like a big dog, amusing himself by decimating in a dignified way the host of pariahs that roamed hungrily about, snarling at his heels as he passed velvet-footed along. Their present purpose was to afford a degenerate idea of a Roman holiday. Towards midnight the poor half-grown calf, now tethered between their cages, would be offered up as a sacrifice. It is a melancholy reflection that in no countries are the people more cruel than in those where the predominant religion

inculcates (theoretically) a creed of kindness. The Hindoo would die rather than slay his sacred cow, yet he will have her to starve in some of the numerous "refuges for animals" founded by the devout—barren fenced-in areas full of lean kine and crippled goats, dragging wearily through their wretched existence. Similarly the pious Siamese, who had just descended from the shrine of Wat P'u K'au T'ong itself, maybe, derives infinite enjoyment from the sight of a miserable calf being forced tremblingly into a cage, and done to death by a leopard. The canon against taking life which stands out so prominently in Buddha's teachings seems to be a mere dead letter.

But there are scenes more pleasant to contemplate: shadow-pantomimes, a sort of variation of our western marionettes, silhouetted on a screen; theatrical performances, often both artistically and historically interesting, though invariably excessively "broad" in their dialogue; the restaurants, where native messes can be taken with the unaccustomed accompaniments of chairs and tables and knives and forks. Even in the throng there is fun to be extracted, for it is there that masculine youth indulges in the refined pastime of exploding tiny paper-wrapped bombs, made of sand and detonating silver, upon the thinly-draped forms of the gentler sex, who retaliate with the compressible squirt dear to our own Bank Holiday-makers, amid endless laughter—for the Siamese have their merrymaking as thoroughly as even the Japanese, although they may wear their rue with a difference. What matters it that the gilding of that impossible footprint on the summit of the adjoining hill shall have cost them the profits of a week's rice-planting, and that their subsequent revelry has mortgaged the next month's income. Is not this but one of a myriad existences? So *vogue la galère!*



Sam Gilling.

WRITTEN BY D. W. WHEELER. ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. FINNEMORE.

IN the olden days, at Berrow, the tiny Somersetshire village, there lived a genius. His works are unknown and lost to the world for ever. I alone treasure a masterpiece from his hand. He was a little weather-beaten labourer, Sam Gilling by name. He had not even a fixed pursuit, but from boyhood had done odd jobs. His only regular occupation had been grave-digging and scything down the longer tufts of grass in the churchyard which the rabbits had not eaten, and this of course was but a fitful employment. At other times he had done anything he could get. In his ordinary life he did not differ from others of his kind, even in the slightest trifle. No story attached to him, his talk never rose above the common rustic shrewdness, and he hardly spoke at all, save to make comments, in the sweet Somersetshire tongue, on the weather or crops. As for his one gift, he regarded it not at all: to him in his simplicity it was incomprehensible, natural and unworthy of notice. But he was a born sculptor.

How and when this divine gift showed itself first, the village scarcely remembered; the course of his art they never followed. Once, for a short time, owing to a famous controversy, he had been a marked man in Berrow, and the folk had, in some sense, been proud of his belonging to them. Yet it was rarely even then that they stood open-mouthed and half-awestruck before his fleeting work. For it was impossible to forget for more than a few moments how wholly inferior he was to Ned Ham, who could thatch a cottage in less time than any two other men; or to Joseph the big blacksmith, who had been known to keep two days and nights at the forge eating his meals as he worked; not to mention Immanuel Coombs, the only son and pride of his widowed mother. As for the last, it was well known that widow Coombs since her husband's death had never talked about anything else than what

"Our Manny" has been doing, and quite right too, for had not Farmer Frost himself, their acknowledged leader, offered to back the lad for a five-pound note with the plough or any other agricultural weapon, against any man "this side Berdgwater, Wessun, and Axebridge?"

So it was only a holiday admiration that they felt for the artist, a soberer form of the mirthful wonder with which they viewed Alf Marsh, who had an acrobatic talent, and could turn his head and body round till they faced the opposite way from his feet. Both achievements lay much in the same plane, and were freely discussed together and compared; but Alf, who always regarded his powers as arising from especial worth, grew arrogant at times and made enemies, and among these were found not a few who appreciated the sculptor best. So rivalry arose, and the famous controversy, and Berrow was at strife concerning the gifts of these two men, and but for this Sam would not have been so much put forward. Even as it was he passed silently and contentedly through his uneventful life.

Of his history it was known that as a youth he had carved quaint heads out of pieces of wood thrown upon the beach, for his parents raised no objection to his sitting quietly in the corner at this occupation after his day's work was over. The habit was little observed, but after years of practice he attained an astonishing skill in securing portraits, and small clumsily-mounted busts adorned the cottage in every possible resting-place. After working at these he would walk far upon the lonely stretch of sands, or sit for hours upon the brink of some high seaward-facing hill that overlooks the sunset, for when they come to the beach all the tumultuous mounds abruptly end in steep cliffs, pierced by narrow gorges full of white driven sand. On either side of these defiles a precipice of dark yellow sand rises up, gaunt and bluff, a tiny miniature of those sheer mountains

that hang gloomily over the ocean. In a happy moment, tired of his cramped work at home, he had thoughtlessly outlined a face upon the firm soft cliff, and, struck with the new scope it offered, came again and again, till at last all that he imagined he carved in perishable earth. Year after year, whenever the weather permitted, as soon as his daily toil was over, he hurried out seawards and returned, when light failed him, to village life and village thought. Quietly he took his place with his fellows, and perhaps joined with them in the idle laugh which his aimless occupation raised, on dull evenings when crops and the weather and "beasts" had been discussed, and no such event as a wedding or market dominated the assembly. In the great conflict I spoke of, while Alf cast his whole soul into the strife, Sam concerned himself nothing. Yet it raged, and high words were heard, and for a time his position was one that many less endowed looked up to with envy, though little malice could find place in their hearts against him, who hardly even conspired with his craft, but was rather overpowered by it. At the climax of the struggle, partisanship lent a short bitterness, and the sculptured faces were marred by rough beards and coarse hair of yellow sedge and black seaweed—bladders were thrust into the eyes, but revenge followed hard after the ill-doers when a troop of friends were led boisterously down to give their testimony to the unbearably laughable change. The faces themselves had faded like a dream, so the seaweed eyes and the hair were impotent and meaningless, and the Vandals made their way back crestfallen.

But all this occurred years ago, and it was only when Sam was what I then thought an old man, that I came to know him myself, and grew to understand and appreciate his work.

Well I remember the day. It was late on a summer evening, and I was slowly returning from Barnham along the beach. The sun had about half-an-hour before set, and was throwing a red glare on the "tots," as the sandhills are named by the country folk, while over the mud stretched a lurid path beneath him. In the distance I saw Sam, and walked up to watch him. I knew who he was, though I had never seen him at work before. I was a young girl then and knew little of art, but the first glance at the task he

had just completed thrilled me with overpowering emotion. A large brown face, huge it seemed, looked out far into the west. One side glowed ruddy in the sunlight, and the other lay in a cool transparent shadow. The features were solemn and majestic, the gaze calm and unflinching, but some expression of loneliness and sorrow were there, as if it were the visage of a mighty, desolate God, who sought vainly and hopelessly for the glorious companions of his youth. As I stood awestruck, the idea came to me that I ought to bend my head in worship low before him. But the sun had meanwhile gone down, and the outlines of the face grew softer than ever, and twilight came, so Sam and I walked back together to the common by the winding path through the lovely sandhills. The rabbits started up and looked at us, and dropped swiftly and silently into their homes, and the grass was damp with dew beneath our feet, and the gentle voice of the sea filled the land. But neither of us spoke, and it was thus that our friendship began. Yet it was a strange friendship, for there was no conversation possible upon the wide subject of his art with Sam. At first, indeed, I often mentioned it, but soon learned that his view of his craft was merely an echo of the view of the village. He could not understand that anyone should look upon it seriously, and when I talked about it quite failed to grasp my meaning and grew ill at ease when I said how beautiful it was. He did not mind my watching him; indeed, I do not think that he remembered that I was there, but when once the idea that had seized him was embodied, his thoughts came back to Berrow, and a few minutes he was the little Somersetshire labourer again. By degrees I fell into his ways, and for many a summer during the long evenings stood silently at his side till he had finished his design.

Though I knew it so well, I almost despair of conveying to others quite the spirit of his works. Perhaps it is because I feel how hopelessly they are lost, and that the task I have before me, when I try to make them live again, is so far beyond my powers. Perhaps it is that as art they were so unconventional, yet the life they represented was itself so common and conventional. The figures were simply rustic, the scenes faithfully drawn from what he saw around



"FOR LONG HOURS HE WORKED AT IT"

him in the field, the barn or the village. One day he would clear a smooth surface on the sand cliff, and in an hour a hot labourer was there, bending over the scythe which swept in broad curves around him; or, pitchfork in hand, he cast the dry hay aloft on to a waggon, or stood with the cider-jar raised to his lips, leaning backwards to catch the cool drink. Sometimes a Sabbath picture appeared, as when the clerk stalked solemnly to church on a warm Sunday, his coat thrown over his arm, or the old clergyman from the high pulpit thundering against the ungodly; or in contrast, children climbing for birds' nests, or merrily pursued each other at "kiss-in-the-ring."

The winter, too, was not passed over, and, bill-hook in his gloved hand, a man busily trimmed the hedges or stolidly bore a great heap of hay on his head to the cattle in the fields. So his swift fingers sketched all that he met in his narrow circle, and what he drew he drew as a master, for all its details he knew well. I think that the countryman's garments, since he took me into his confidence, have a charm that no other can understand; they never seem out of place, never ugly.

Ever and anon, too, that majestic face came again, his one completely imaginative effort, till I knew its lineament by heart; yet never without emotion could I watch the growth of the head of him I learned to call the "The God of the Sandhills," that lonely God, left of all the race of country Gods, that still took fleeting form to gaze for a few moments at the sun, either as he set behind the glistening mud-flats, or dipped into the shining sea as it crept nearer and nearer to the very foot of the sandhills.

Thus Sam lived through his life, and stooping old age found his soul still in his work. It is true that rheumatism, the curse of the country folk, laid its hand upon him, and his visits to the sandhills became fewer, but on fine summer evenings the old man still took

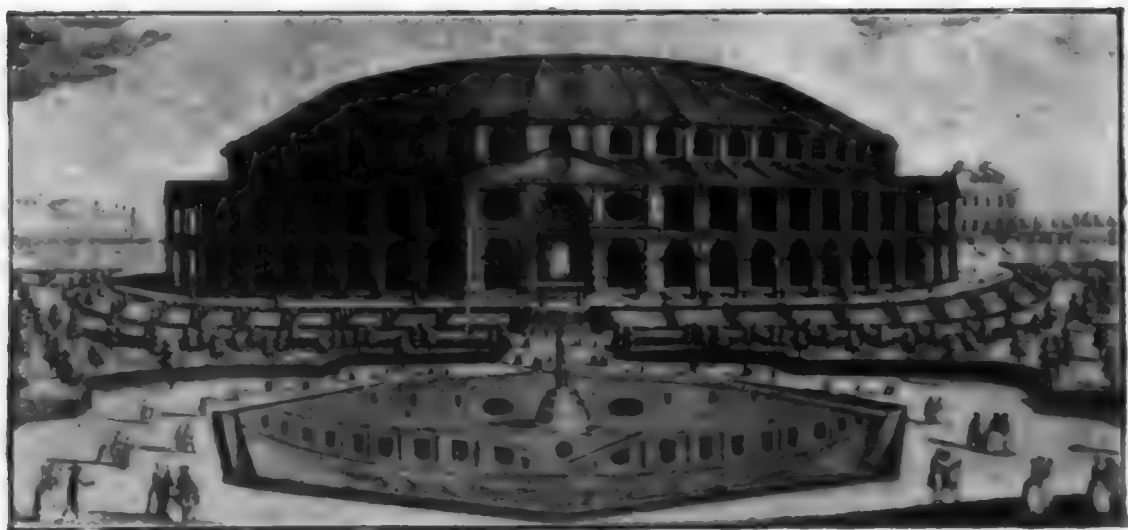
his way seawards, and still at his touch the imprisoned deity of the "tots" turned his deep eyes to the waves. But the labourer's task was almost over. A cold January with bitter withering wind laid low the old on all sides, and Sam's little cottage contained an inmate who would never leave it save for the last short journey to the churchyard. Though he could no longer walk, he still clung to his wood-carving, but sight was gradually failing and fingers and joints growing stiff. A glorious spring came after the winter, and he so far revived that he could spend all his remaining energies upon the only lasting representation of the visage I loved so well. For long hours he worked at it: eagerly, as one who knows that his hour was at hand. Day by day I came up to watch him and sat by his bedside. The sun poured through the little window upon the poor worn-out figure and lighted up the great wooden head before him, which gazed with a longing, lingering glance upon the wrinkled time-spent worker, who seemed at last to learn the full meaning of his art, and to understand that it was a high one. Then came the end, but not too soon; for the hands that grew numb, and the dimmed eyes, had accomplished their task, and in the noble broad-browed head was concentrated the learning and patient labour and genius of a life.

In the middle of April Sam went to his long home. The tender young buds had come like stars on the bare branches, and the lark's song had dropped from the sky, when a mighty west wind swept in from the sea. The sedge on the hills stooped as it passed, the white sand whirled swiftly along the ground from the flats, and the starling rose till its wings met the gale, and in a moment it was gone from view. And Sam was laid to rest in the churchyard, and the old folk took shelter under the privet-covered bank outside to talk of the past, while the wind rushed overhead without pause, and its wailing filled the elm trees.





PARIS STATUES, NO. IX.: QUAND-MEME, PAR MERCIÉ



THE GREAT AMPHITHEATRE

Old Ranelagh Gardens.

WRITTEN BY A. W. JARVIS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD PRINTS.

RANELAGH! What varied memories of days gone by the name of this famous old pleasure resort conjures up—associated as it is with so many scenes of splendour and gaiety. Under its marvellous rotunda, with its brilliant fairylike interior, and beautiful surroundings, paraded the great and fashionable folk of bygone generations: whose wits, and beaux, and famous beauties went thither to see and to be seen; all helping to make up that indescribable scene of bewildering enchantment of which sage Dr. Johnson said the *coup d'œil* was the finest thing he had ever seen. The gay crowds that thronged the vast rotunda, and promenaded the beautiful gardens, included in their number some of the most famous and distinguished men and women of the period: Walpole, Mann, Chesterfield, poor Oliver Goldsmith, Joshua Reynolds, and a host of others have played their parts in the brilliant gatherings. "All sorts and conditions;" dignified clergymen, statesmen, philosophers, authors, here mingled with fops, fine ladies, country gentlemen, city people, apprentices, ladies of the *demi-monde*, highwaymen, and thieves. Here also moved many of the characters made familiar to us by the works of Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Ainsworth,

and other honoured authors. It is at Ranelagh, after a masquerade, that the ruin of one of the characters in *Amelia* is accomplished, and Amelia herself was destined to a similar fate, when she is happily warned of her danger. "It is a charming place," writes Evelina to her guardian in Miss Burney's novel, "and the brilliancy of the lights, on my first entrance, made me almost think that I was in some enchanted castle or fairy palace, for all looked like magic to me."

Ranelagh stood on ground originally belonging to Chelsea Hospital, a grant of which was obtained from the Crown by the Earl of Ranelagh about the close of the seventeenth century. Here he built a house, after the design of his own, which he made his chief residence. His lordship, whom, by-the-way, Swift described as "the vainest old fool I ever saw," seems to have made a hobby of his gardens. After the Earl's death, in 1712, the estate passed into the hands of his daughters; and in 1733 was sold in various lots, the greater part of which were purchased by two gentlemen named Swift and Timbrell.

About this time it became the fashion, among all ranks of society, to resort to the various breakfasting and tea-gardens which sprang up in the villages round London. But these modest establish-

ments were soon to be eclipsed. "Gentleman" Lacy — joint patentee with Garrick of the Drury Lane Theatre—hit upon the idea of establishing a place of such superior splendour and elegance as would draw all London. Very shortly afterwards he took a lease of the Ranelagh grounds in conjunction with a Mr. Rietti. The expenses of the undertaking proved too heavy for the means of its authors, however; and in 1741, when the Rotunda was built, a William Crispe and James Myonet were the lessees. These gentlemen in order to carry on the venture appear to have invited subscriptions for £5,000 in shares of twenty-five

finished, but they get great sums by the people going to see it, and breakfasting in the house: there were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons at 1s. 6d. apiece. You see how poor we are when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale."

The entertainments were at first restricted to breakfasts and morning concerts, with selections from oratorios. However, the attractions of even this mild form of dissipation proved too tempting to the youthful citizens. Complaints were made to the magistrates that the young merchants and city



CANAL AND CHINESE TEMPLE

guineas. Myonet soon after fell out of the undertaking, and before four years had gone by Crispe was declared a bankrupt. However, a new company, with a capital of £36,000, was speedily formed, and the Gardens were launched on a prosperous career.

Ranelagh was first opened on the 5th of April, 1742, a grand breakfast being given in honour of the occasion. Gossiping Walpole was of course there. Writing to Sir Horace Mann, a few days later, he says: "I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Gardens: they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little alehouses: it is in rivalry of Vauxhall, and costs about £12,000. The building is not yet

apprentices were frequently seduced from their counting-houses and shops by these morning amusements, which were accordingly prohibited. Evening concerts were then introduced, commencing at half-past five and concluding at nine—the fashionable hours of the period. Towards the close of its career the gayest visitors to Ranelagh went at midnight, just as the concerts were finishing, and remained there till three or four in the morning.

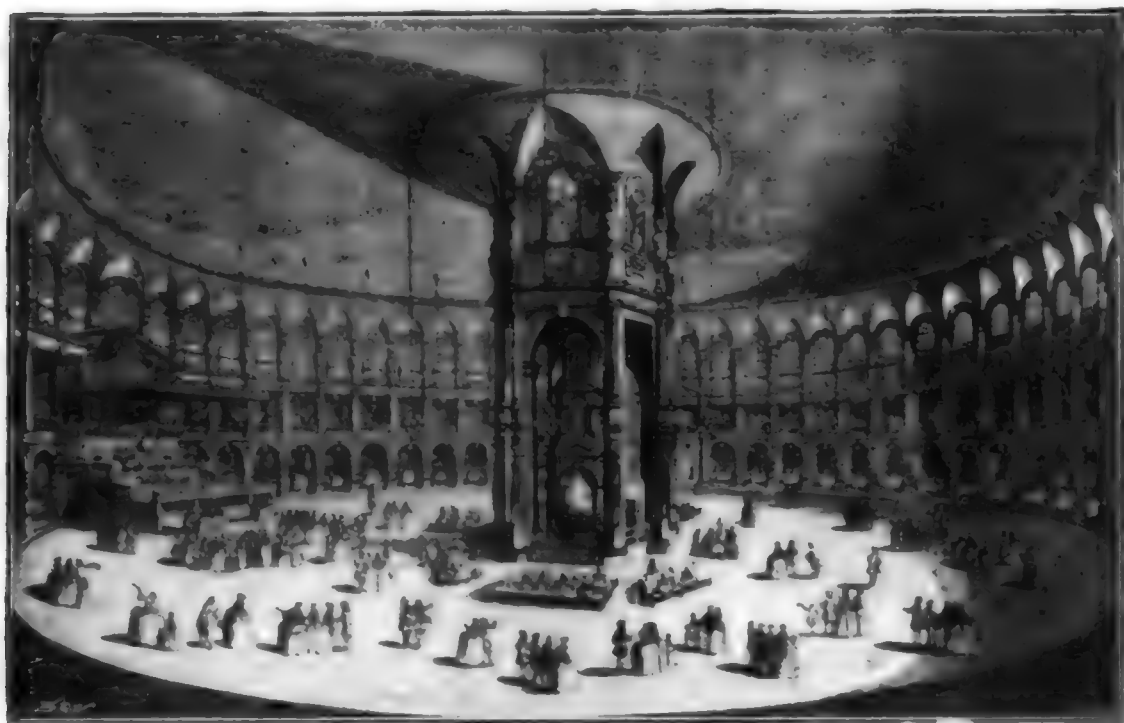
By the end of May the arrangements for the regular reception of company at the Gardens were all but completed. On the 26th of the month, Walpole is again writing to Sir Horace. "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea. The Prince, Princess, Duke, much

nobility, and much mob besides were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding is admitted for 12d. . . . I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it; Vauxhall is a little better. For the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water."

Nevertheless, the superior attractions of Ranelagh soon eclipsed the glories of its rival on the other side of the water; and two years later we find Walpole recording: "Every night constantly I go to Ranelagh, which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else

the midst of the lake, or canal, stood a Chinese fishing temple, approached by a bridge; and on either side of the canal stretched broad gravel walks, and alleys shaded by lines of trees, and separated by trimly-clipped hedges.

Round the rotunda, and forming portion of the building, were forty-seven boxes in which the company regaled themselves with tea, coffee, or other refreshments. Here the gossip and scandal of the town were regularly retailed; the fashions discussed; and the jointures of widows and fortunes of young ladies keenly calculated by spend-thrifts and gamblers.



BREAKFAST IN THE ROTUNDA IN 1754

BY T. FOWLES

—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither." Some four years afterwards he tells us that: "Ranelagh is so crowded, that in going there t'other night in a string of coaches, we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes."

The great attraction at Ranelagh was the wonderful rotunda, which, for beauty, elegance, and grandeur was unequalled in Europe. The grounds in which it stood were exquisitely arranged with groves, bowers, statues, temples, wildernesses, and shady retreats. On the left of the rotunda stood the Earl of Ranelagh's old mansion; and on the right, a magnificent conservatory. In

Ranelagh was the scene of the famous Jubilee Masquerade "after the Venetian manner" given here, in 1749, by command of George II., in celebration of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. His Majesty was present with the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland and a large and distinguished company. It was computed that there were about six thousand present on the occasion, though Walpole puts the number at two thousand. He gives us a glimpse of this brilliant gathering: "It had nothing Venetian about it, but was by far the best understood and prettiest spectacle I ever saw—nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court,

had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock; at about five people of fashion began to go. When you entered you found the whole garden filled with marquees and spread with tents, which remained all night very commodely. In one quarter was a May-pole, dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in the different parts of the garden: some like huntsmen, with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops filled with Dresden china, japan, &c., and all the shopkeepers in masks; the amphitheatre was illuminated, and in the middle was a circular bower composed of all kinds of firs, in tubs, twenty to thirty feet high, under them orange trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of auriculars in pots, and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches, too, were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing. . . . In short, it pleased me more than the finest thing I ever saw."

So great was the success of this jubilee masquerade, and so delighted were its patrons, that before many weeks after a "Subscription Masquerade" was arranged, at which our gossiping courtier, Walpole, was present. He tells us: "The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him

to hold their cups as they were drinking tea. The Duke (of Cumberland) had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like 'Cacasoco,' the drunken captain in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress of the time of James I., and Lord De La Warr Queen Elizabeth's 'Garter,' from a picture in the Guard Chamber at Kensington; they were admirable masks.



RANELAGH BALL TICKET

Lord Rochford, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishopp, Lady Stafford and Miss Pitt were in vast beauty, particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the 'Duke' in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure that I ever saw. Miss Chumleigh was 'Iphigenia,' and so lightly clad that you would have taken her for Andromeda. . . . The maids of honour were so offended they would not speak to her."

"Iphigenia undressed for the sacrifice"

evidently catered no little sensation—not to say scandal. This lady is referred to in a satirical paper in the *Connoisseur* some few years later, in which we get an amusing account of the costumes, or rather want of costumes, then in vogue at Ranelagh. "What the above-mentioned lady had the hardiness to attempt alone will, I am assured, be set on foot by our persons of fashion as soon as the hot days come in. Ranelagh is the place pitched upon for their meeting, where it is proposed to have a masquerade *al fresco*. One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate water-nymphs bath-

Ranelagh; but notwithstanding their somewhat questionable title, we are assured that the revels were conducted with great propriety.

In 1762 the famous Tenducci was the principal male singer, and two years later Mozart, then only eight years old, performed several pieces of his own composition on the harpsichord and organ at an entertainment given here in aid of some charity.

The famous entertainment of the Regatta, in June, 1775, was concluded with a supper and music at Ranelagh. The ticket of admission is one of the



JUBILEE MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH
BY PARR AFTER BOUTHARD

ing in the canal; three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the Three Graces, and a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the Goddess of Beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of Venus de Medicis, the most striking attitudes for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns and Centaurs, &c."

In 1751 morning concerts were given twice a week, Signori Frasi and Beard being the singers. Three years later a series of amusements called "Comus's Court" drew the fashionable world to

three engraved by Bartolozzi for different ceremonies at Ranelagh, and held in high estimation by collectors. The river, from London Bridge to the Ship Tavern, Millbank, was covered with pleasure boats gaily decorated with bunting. Scaffolds were erected on the banks and in vessels, and even on the top of Westminster Hall. The roads abounded in gambling tables; cannons were firing salutes; bands playing; and at intervals the bells of St. Martin's and St. Margaret's rang out gaily. On the return of the wager boats the whole procession moved in picturesque irregularity towards Ranelagh, the river resembling a floating town. At half-

past ten the rotunda was opened for supper, and displayed three circular tables, of different elevations, elegantly set out and brilliantly illuminated with many coloured lamps. The centre was appropriated by a magnificent band of two hundred and forty performers, led by Giardini. The company numbered about two thousand : among whom were several members of the Royal Family, most of the foreign ambassadors, and other persons of eminence and distinction.

In 1803 a magnificent ball was given in the rotunda by the Knights of the Bath, which is said to have been "a gala of uncommon splendour."

But even this brilliant ceremony was surpassed by an entertainment given shortly afterwards by the Spanish Ambassador, and described in Faulkner's *History of Chelsea*. The whole external front of the house was illuminated in a novel manner, and the portico leading to the rotunda was filled on each side with aromatic shrubs. The rotunda itself presented a most superb appearance. The lower boxes formed a Spanish camp, striped blue and red ; each tent being guarded by a boy dressed in the Spanish uniform. The gallery formed a Temple of Flora, lighted by a number of wax tapers in gold baskets. The Queen's box was hung with crimson satin, lined with white, which hung in festoons richly fringed with gold, and at the top was a regal crown. In the orchestra, which was converted into a magnificent pavilion, a table of eighteen covers was laid for the Royal Family. The service was entirely of gold, and the decorations of the most magnificent description. Opposite to her Majesty's box was a light temple or stage, on which a Spanish dance was performed by children ; at another part were beautiful moving transparencies. There was also a lottery, the prizes consisting of six hundred valuable trinkets ; the chief prize being an elegant gold watch richly ornamented with diamonds. The other prizes consisted of rings, bracelets, fans, necklaces, &c. Women, gaily decorated with wreaths of flowers, made tea ; while one hundred valets, in scarlet and gold, and as many footmen, in sky blue and silver, flitted hither and thither waiting on the company. A grand display of fireworks was given in the gardens ; and on the river some twenty boats, illuminated with lamps, sailed up and down, letting off fireworks as they passed. After the

dance, the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family retired to supper.

Another brilliant scene was witnessed here in January, 1804, upon the occasion of the presentation of colours to the Queen's Royal Volunteers, enrolled at the time of the threatened invasion by Napoleon.

Ranelagh began to lose its popularity after it was turned into a late evening concert room and assembly house, and soon ceased to be the attractive promenade of the fashionable world ; and the brilliant display of beauty it had made for years was no more. Bloomfield, the poet, good-humouredly ridicules the fashionable follies of Ranelagh in the following verses :—

*To Ranelagh, once in my life,
By good-natured force I was driven ;
The nations had ceased their long strife,
And Peace beam'd her radiance from Heaven.
What wonders were here to be found,
That a clown might enjoy or disdain ?
First, we trac'd the gay circle all round ;
Ay!—and then we went round it again.
A thousand feet rustled on mats—
A carpet that once had been green ;
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen.
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean as slowly they pac'd,
Then—walk'd round and swept it again.*

The close of 1805 saw the last of Ranelagh. In this year the rotunda was taken down and the buildings and furniture sold by auction, the famous organ being purchased for the church of Tetbury. No trace of Ranelagh now remains, and its site once again forms part of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. In his *Walk from Kew to London* Sir Richard Phillips tells us of the scene of ruin and desolation he found where the once gay Ranelagh had stood. "A few inequalities appeared in the ground, indicative of some former building, and holes filled with muddy water showed the foundation walls ; but the rest of the space, making about two acres, was covered with clusters of tall nettles, thistles and docks." The glittering lights, the brilliant, happy company, the peals of laughter from thronged boxes, the chorus of a hundred voices and instruments—all had gone, all was death-like stillness and desolation. Ranelagh was only a name.

The "*Mercury*" Training Ship.

WRITTEN BY JAMES. F. FASHAM. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

NOTHING is more important to the continued well-being of this country than that we should still be able to use with truth the national boast, "Britannia rules the waves." It follows as a corollary of this that at any given time a goodly proportion of our finest youth should be undergoing effective training for a life afloat.

gone through their full course, shall enter either our land or sea services.

The lads who are eligible for admission to the *Mercury* are either orphans or the sons of poor parents, but the ship is in no way a reformatory or an industrial school. The age at which boys can be admitted is from thirteen and a-half years to eighteen months beyond that time, but



THE TRAINING SHIP "MERCURY"

Probably there is no better instruction of this sort to be had than that which is imparted to the boys of the *Mercury* training ship. It lies in the River Hamble, near Southampton, and is connected with a naval school on shore, where general instruction is imparted to the boys.

But whilst the object of the institution which Captain-Superintendent Hoare has patriotically and philanthropically carried out for more than a decade is primarily to prepare boys for the Royal Navy, and as bandsmen for either the fleet or the army, there is no express stipulation that the smart little fellows, as they undoubtedly are when they have

no candidate is ever received who has been connected with a reformatory or industrial ship or school, whilst the full consent of parents or guardians must be produced if he eventually exhibit a desire to join the Royal Navy.

When the fact is considered that we are as a nation many thousands of men short of the full complement necessary for the proper manning of our fleet, it hardly seems creditable to the country that such a splendid school for young seamen as the *Mercury* undoubtedly is should be so poorly supported in the way of subscriptions that funds are much needed to maintain the work. Whilst it is true that the Government

make a certain grant for each lad who is received into the Navy from the *Mercury* school, the sum does not in substantial way represent the total

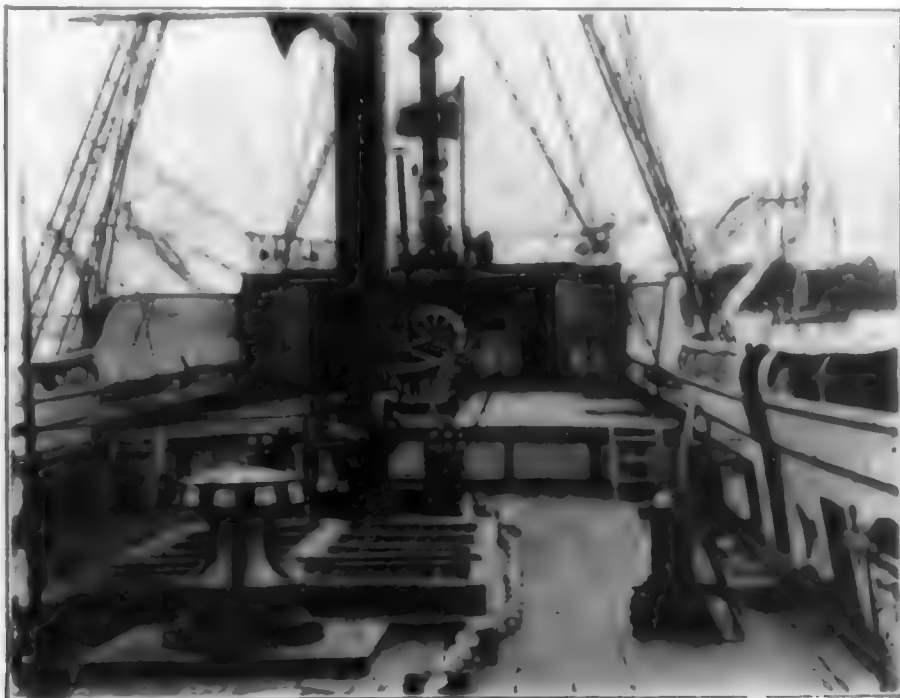
lutely thorough and practical authority upon the way in which lads should be taught, not only for the sea but to become worthy sons of the greatest of the



MESS DECK

amount expended upon the lad's training, though why the country which freely votes millions upon ships is "close" over its money expended upon the men does

great empires of the earth. Nor does the interest in their career cease when they are struck off the books on leaving; for the old boys who may be on



UPPER DECK

not seem clear to the ordinary understanding.

Than Captain-Superintendent Hoare it would not be easy to find a more abso-

"liberty" from their ships, or on furlough from their regiments, and who have no home, are kindly welcomed on board the craft upon which they received such a

sound instruction to fit them to become either good sailors, good soldiers, or good citizens of their country.

What Captain Hoare is so well

several towns that have been clamouring for school ships wait in carrying out a work which it is professed on their behalf they are anxious to do? And, further,



SHIP'S COMPANY

carrying out could also be achieved in many of our towns, for, in the opinion of the superintendent of the establishment at Hamble, naval bar-

in these days of difficulty as to "what to do with our boys," where is the possible reason for the fact that the Navy, supposed to be the branch of the services



CAPTAIN SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE

racks upon shore are equally as good—in fact, even better—for training purposes than having the boys on ship-board. That being so, why should the

of which the nation is the most proud, is largely lacking in the number of men required to man our ships of war?

That the little tars of the *Mercury* are

well clothed, well fed, well educated, and well trained, is evident from even a brief inspection, and it is to the honour of Captain Hoare to record that he has

nearly one hundred and thirty little seamen on board, and a cleaner or a better organised craft does not float beneath the blended folds of our meteor flag.



GYMNASIUM AND BANDROOM

founded, and by his great generosity mainly maintained, an institution of a truly national character that is in many ways absolutely unique and in every way

Everything on board is bright, the burnished metal-work vying with the electric light that illumines the ship by night.

Though good health invariably blesses



BICYCLE CORPS

worthy of emulation—to say the least.

The *Mercury*, certainly one of the finest specimens of a full rigged ship that now rides the waters, has a crew of

the boys who man the *Mercury*, there is a floating hospital near, upon which a trained nurse is stationed, in the event of any lad being booked for the sick bay.

Only a few years ago the vessel now devoted to such an excellent purpose flew many a winning flag as the renowned racing yacht *Pantomime*.

While Captain Hoare is an ardent believer in the lads during their hours of ease participating in the manly sports and pastimes that are characteristic of our country's recreations, yet the real work of education is ever kept to the fore. Amongst the different forms of instruction imparted are seamanship in general, signalling, heavy gun squad drill, rowing, cutlass exercises, models—and, in fact, all practical work identified with the life of a naval seaman both upon ship and shore.

Combined with entertaining lectures relating to sea-going and other typical and interesting subjects are dancing, singing, and other aids to enjoyment forming the features of the hours of ease after a day of duty well done, enjoyed by the lads whose good fortune has brought their feet to tread the deck of the good ship that lies at anchor in the little tributary of Southampton's wide waterway.

Of the over five hundred boys who have passed through the curriculum of Captain-Superintendent Hoare's nautical institution more than three hundred are now serving their Sovereign either in the Royal Navy or as band boys in the



CLASSES UNDER THE VERANDAH

As an encouragement, the little fellows who excel in the several forms of duty, discipline and sport are liberally awarded prizes, the principal presentation taking the form of the superintendent's gift for "the boy who has tried hard, though he may have failed, to come up to the ship's ideal of the capabilities required for the year, the principles of which consist of Truth, Love, Sincerity, Pluck, Self-Reliance, Energy, and Perseverance."

Whilst it can well be said that kindness and a true devotion to all form a distinctive feature in the teaching both of the superintendent and the excellent staff around him, there is, too, all that in other ways makes to true manliness imparted in the daily round of instruction.

Army. The latter have learned to perform through the careful tuition received in the ship's band, a body of about half a hundred young musicians that has found wide fame in the social fêtes and entertainments of the southern shire in which the lads are trained.

Should either the public exchequer or the hand of charity grant funds towards maintaining the *Mercury* training school one fact may be relied upon, that the closest inspection—which is solicited by the superintendent—will reveal that the aid has been well bestowed. Of the many things in which Captain Hoare believes one is in the usefulness of a ship's journal—*The Mercury Magazine*—which deals in a very interesting manner with all that pertains to the

welfare of the boys aboard and of many of those who are now in other spheres and climes, but who once helped to man the good old vessel.

Of the excellently-arranged naval school on shore a most interesting feature is the large room devoted exclusively to one of the finest exhibitions of ships' models to be seen in the country. It contains a fine miniature man-of-war that was once in the possession of Lord Nelson.

Of the other branches of the institution which Captain Hoare has so successfully founded may be noted the gym-

nasium, band-room, laboratory, armoury, and a very comfortable little theatre and concert-hall, in which the young Mercurians often make merry.

That such a laudable work as the one which is being carried out with so much success at Hamble will in the future flourish need hardly be doubted, for to let such a splendid institution fail for the need of deserved support would be not simply folly but a discredit to a nation which has its domain upon the ocean as well as upon the land that is embraced within the wide area of our Empire's dominion.

AT THE IVORY GATE.

ARISE, O Sleep! for the hour is late,
And the wind on thy threshold cold,
And my love would win through the ivory gate
That turns on the hinge of gold.

He comes from a land where I never was,
By a path I know not yet,
But his foot is swift and will not pause,
And his heart will not forget.

They say his house is black as night,
On his robe no jewel gleams;
But for me he dons the garment bright
That hangs in the hall of dreams.

By God 'twas fashioned long ago,
But found for earth too fair;
Now, clean from every stain of woe,
'Tis given my love to wear.

His arm is very true and strong,
His face is brave and dear,
His words are like an angel's song,
All fit for Heaven to hear.

Ah, through the ivory gate and gold,
As now he wins to me,
God grant when darker doors unfold,
True to the tryst I be!

MARGARET ARMOUR.

Oratorical Illustrations.



"THERE ARE TWO POINTS I PARTICULARLY WISH TO IMPRESS UPON YOU"

DRAWN BY T. T. WAUGH



THE GRACELESS GRACE OF A LITTLE LISPER

"For what we are 'bout to thieve"



MODERN HEROINISM

"DO you know," asked our Quiet Friend, when Mrs. Glen Dawson had, to her entire satisfaction, concluded her argument to the effect that in genius, wisdom and morals the female sex was far in advance of the male, "you have not even mentioned the one quality wherein women do outshine men?"

"Haven't I? What is it?"

"Bravery."

Mrs. Glen Dawson looked at our Quiet Friend dubiously; the rest of us laughed outright.

"I'm not joking," he continued. "I speak from firm conviction. For what Alan Breek would call 'cauld, dour, deidly courage,' women are far ahead of men."

"How do you make that out, old man?" asked Herbert.

"No one who keeps his eyes open can help seeing that every day thousands of English women take their lives in their hands and smilingly risk diseases of various painful types without a sign of the inward torture they must endure. When a woman assumes the regulation evening dress she simply throws herself into the jaws of death."

"There! Muriel, haven't I always said so?" cried Herbert.

"It is barbarous: I have often thought so," said Lulu Wychlow earnestly. Lulu is reputed to wear her evening frocks an inch lower than anybody else—a reputation whereof she is proud, I grieve to admit. "Often, often, Muriel, when I have left a cosy fire and gone upstairs to dress in an icy room—Mamma says bedroom fires are unhealthy—I have shud-

dered at the idea of changing my warm clothes for rudimentary garments; and, recalling the pity we lavish on the shivering poor, have lamented that no kind soul dreams of providing comfortable raiment for the shivering rich."

Mrs. Glen Dawson eyed the flippant Lulu disapprovingly. "I suppose, as long as Royalty commands evening dress it will be esteemed the correct thing, no matter what degree of danger or discomfort it involves. For myself, I consider it simply indecent, and the one point in her Majesty's rule whereof I emphatically disapprove. And while we are all admiring Nansen's pluck and endurance in coming unscathed through the Arctic winters, 'tis funny to think that he was in infinitely less physical danger on an ice-floe, well-coated with fur and grime, than he would have been in London during the cold weather had he been forced to wash clean and to pay evening visits with the upper portion of his lungs uncovered. He would probably have died of pneumonia in a week, and yet girls, fragile, slender girls, like Lulu there, do it and are not a whit the worse: I'm sure I don't know why."

Lulu laughed saucily from her nest of cushions on the throne as she quoted the sentiments of Bret Harte's little boy:

*No more I don't, nor why that girl
whose dress is
Off of her shoulders, don't catch cold
and die,
When you and me gets cold when we
undresses!
No more don't I!*

"Wasn't it the cruel step-mother in

the fairy tale who clad her step-daughter in a paper frock and sent her out into the snow to look for strawberries?" asked Basil. "The world seems to have turned topsy-turvy since then. Now it is the most adoring of mothers who bares her tender child to the elements and urges her forth in search of strawberry-leaves

question," said Mrs. Glen Dawson, who dearly loves a discussion: "what you call bravery I call vanity and foolhardiness."

"I really can't agree with you," I rejoined. "It is no doubt foolish, but I think we all do it from a mistaken sense of duty. We would feel it discourteous to a hostess to go to a large party in a



FROM THE BADMINTON "POETRY OF SPORT"

if she be very ambitious—or some more common sprig if less aspiring."

Basil looked at Lulu as he gave utterance to these cynicisms; but she was studying the embroidery on the toe of her slipper—and evidently failed to hear him. It is an open secret that Lulu must marry money, and Basil is merely a minor poet.

"But to return to the point under

frock we might wear in the afternoons at home. And I am certain that did any of us dress in sensible fashion, our own husbands would be the first to object to our dowdy appearance."

"If Fashion would but agree to some merciful compromise—at least, in winter. Let the dresses be high and add an extra yard to the trains," suggested Mrs. Glen Dawson.

"Or try another way," said Herbert; "do all the entertaining in summer, when thin vestments are a necessity and driving in the cool night air a pleasure."

"O! that would be too awful," commented the gay Lulu. "Imagine a winter spent indoors, with no object save to keep warm. Why, that is as stupid as being dormice or snakes. Just think how torpid and lethargic we'd get."

"I am delighted to go to parties at any time," I remarked; "but I wish people paid less attention to their menus and a little more to the heating of their rooms. It seems an utterly absurd con-

"You see, Mrs. Babbington-Bright's experience supports my theory of feminine courage," said our Quiet Friend. "Why, the endurance required in the pursuits sung so delightfully in Messrs. Longmans and Co.'s *Poetry of Sport*, the last of the 'Badminton Library,' is nothing to that needed at social functions. Now how many men, to avoid spoiling the feast, would have sat frigidly smiling till a miniature death—for that's what a swoon is—released them?"

"Any woman would have done it," said Lulu; "people hate so to have their dinners interrupted."



FROM THE BADMINTON "POETRY OF SPORT"

fession, but I once fainted at a large dinner-party from actual cold."

"And this was in a Christian land where men often kneel and pray!" murmured our Quiet Friend.

"Yes, I'm not exaggerating at all. It was a bitter night, and we had a long cold drive before getting to our destination. The temperature in their dining-room, a vast apartment, was something below freezing-point, and my chair was placed where a door opening into a frigid hall made a cutting draught. I endured it—here is where the bravery comes in—and laughed and chatted till, the ice pudding stage being reached, the temperature fell lower still, and succumbing, I fell with it—into my plate."

"I think the little dinner we gave during the last keen frost quite epitomises the heroic theory. Don't you, Herbert?"

"Of course it does, exactly. One night we invited four friends to dine with us—Rosalind, who had to come by train from Northwood; Frederick, who had to come from Queen's Gate; and Algernon and his sister, who had to come from Fulham Well, that happened to be the coldest day of the year. Coming home that afternoon from a matinée in a hansom with the glass down, the cabman advised us to have the glass up. 'The streets is like hicc,' he said, 'an' if the 'orse slips you won't get cut about so much.' We accepted his hint, and, driving in the teeth of a wind that seemed to blow

straight from Siberia, we began speculating on the likelihood of our guests turning up."

"Don't you remember, Herbert, that while you thought the men might come, you were positive the women wouldn't?"

"Yes, I was. Well, first came a telegram from Frederick: 'Extremely sorry; coachman declares roads impassable. Impossible to dine with you to-night.' Muriel and I agreed that if Frederick, who lived comparatively near, couldn't reach us, none of the others could, when Rosalind was announced and entered looking lovely. While we welcomed her and applauded her courage in venturing out on such a night, we could scarce repress a shudder, for her dress was cut low off her beautiful shoulders, her arms were bare, and in her hand she carried a fan!"

"And when we urged her to sit close to the fire, she refused, insisting that she was quite warm."

"Yes, and by Jove, she looked it, too. She seemed as cosy and comfortable as if wrapped in eider-down. Well, close on her heels came Algernon, shivering, rubbing his chilled hands, and execrating a climate that had necessitated leaving the carriage at the foot of the hill and completing the journey on foot; while his sister, a pretty sparkling girl, seemed quite at ease, and apparently unconscious of any disparity between naked shoulders, satin shoes, and a walk through the snow."

"Suppose," said Basil, "that Algernon had entered wearing a hand's-breadth of satin and lace, instead of customary

waistcoats and etceteras; the upper portion of his frame free to the winds of heaven, his nether limbs clad in open-work—I think that's the right word—silk stockings, and soles the sixteenth of an inch thick between him and mother earth—suppose all that, would you not have thought him mad?"

"Mad? Hatter!" cried Lulu.

"Insane, certainly, and highly improper," said Mrs. Glen Dawson with emphasis.

"Well?" queried Basil, sarcastically. "Wouldn't you cover him with mustard poultices and send for a doctor instantly?"

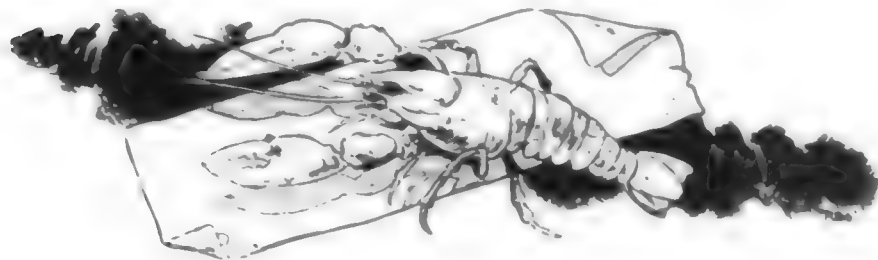
"O, I see what you mean," exclaimed Lulu, indignantly; "but it never does us any harm. Perhaps it's because we are accustomed to it, or the excitement keeps us from catching cold or something."

"Yes," commented our Quiet Friend, "it is very curious, but, in all the annals of medicine, there is no authenticated case of a woman having ever caught cold through wearing an evening dress. She has always contracted the illness just before putting it on, or immediately after taking it off: never while actually wearing it."

"Well," summed up Herbert, "to me it is one of the wonders of the universe that while a delicate woman may play fast and loose with her constitution with impunity, a robust man dare not even 'cast a clout till May be out' without incurring the direct consequences."

Our Quiet Friend merely smiled.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.





*All God's creatures know full well,
 Spring is come, my dearest:
 'Tis the news the blackbirds tell
 When they pipe their clearest.*

*One thing more the blackbird knows:
 Spring's the time for mating.
 Dear, your wilful eyes unclose,
 Spring is here, and—waiting—*

*One who loves you more than Spring,
 More than sunny weather,
 Prays the merry bird may sing
 Lips and hearts together.*

The Fashions of the Month.

...

THE damp and desultory weather of February has retarded the revelation of the spring fashions this year. Easter too does not come until far on in April, and Parisians preferring keep their new spring gowns for that season.

Hats are always the first things to lighten up, and no one can complain of any lack of gaiety on them this year. Straw is being made in every vivid tint—primrose, pink, violet, heliotrope, green and brown are the favourite colours. Blue will not be in favour on the whole, although knots of pale blue velvet ribbon are being used most effectively on moss-green straws. A brilliant shade of cerise is very popular in straw, and a bright poppy-red straw trimmed with ribbons of two shades of red is most effective. The straws are still rough and rustic to look at, but they are now so cleverly made that the roughness is only apparent. They are soft and kindly to the touch, and sit pleasantly on the head. Canvas hats are novelties, but to tell the truth canvas is best combined with something else. Plain canvas brims are not becoming, but, on the other hand, a full canvas crown pleated into a rustic brim makes a very effective hat, and the crown is still prettier if veiled with jetted and sequined net. Hats made partially or altogether of these transparent materials will be more worn this year than for some time past, and indeed nothing is more becoming for spring wear. A hat with a full soft crown and brim of jetted tulle, with a cerise ribbon twisted loosely round it, black Paradise plumes at one side, and a row of shaded pinks and roses beneath the brim, looked very charming.

A primrose straw toque trimmed with a series of black velvet rosettes, each centred with a paste button, a tall bouquet of velvety purple and yellow pansies, and a few more beneath the brim, is spring-like and dainty.

Milliners are trying to persuade us, however, to be more profusely floral than ever, and one hat that was in itself a veritable epitome of spring was trimmed with a combination of primulas, auriculas, violets, lilies and lilac. The ground-work, dimly discernible as is a brick wall behind a flower border, was of rustic brown straw, and a bow of moss green velvet pretends to tie the flowers together. Ribbons are put on much more loosely this year, and often two or three are twisted together, as, for instance, on a green straw where a white glacé ribbon patterned with violets, a maize chiné delicately diversified with a shade of green and a satin ribbon of the very palest shade of blue are intermingled. The tints are varied, but so judiciously chosen that the whole is in excellent harmony.

A great deal of white is being used in millinery still. White satin violets are a novelty, and violets in three shades, white, heliotrope and purple, have a certain distinction. The average purple violet has become a commonplace.

Hats are turned up at one side, and mostly have ribbon or flowers plastered against the turned-up brim. Sometimes the brim is merely tilted to reveal a row of flowers, or ruchings of ribbon set beneath it against the hair. Sometimes the ribbons descend so as to form a rosette behind the ear: a most effective thing with certain styles of face.

As for dresses, there is not much novelty even yet, but small checks such as shepherd's plaid are likely to be in favour, and are certainly both useful and effective for spring wear. Its only fault is that it is not quite so pretty for a coat, but for an Eton jacket it is permissible. Indeed, a shepherd's plaid Eton and skirt with narrow black satin ribbon put on in military twirls, worn with a soft black satin vest, a folded belt of black satin and a cravat of old lace, and a grey velvet toque with a black satin ribbon

* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowdoin Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of issue.

round it, set in bows, high at one side and a few shaded roses beneath the brim, would form a spring costume not to be despised. Large checks and stripes will also be used; but in choosing a stripe it is well to avoid all such as bear any resemblance to the masculine trousers. Plain cloths and covert coatings are always in fashion, and are the best investment for those who cannot afford a

yellow might be trimmed with black velvet baby ribbon, the green with jewelled passementerie, and the heliotrope with a multitude of tiny tucks, a dainty device in Honiton braid, rufflings of primrose chiffon at the neck, and a knot of scented violets at one side. Although most people prefer the coat and skirt to match, an effort is being made in Paris to bring into favour plain



A NEW BLOUSE

large variety. A coat and skirt in a shade of greenish fawn, with a series of pretty fronts (made like sleeveless blouses) in pink, yellow, green and heliotrope silk, is as good as a wardrobe full of dresses for a girl of taste and discretion. The fronts might be judiciously varied. The pink silk could have horizontal rows of white insertion, and a black satin belt with a paste buckle; the

coats and checked skirts, the coat to carry out the leading colour of the skirt. In Paris, however, they have a passion for vivid checks, and an equally absurd passion for labelling them all *écossais*. The Eton jackets will be made close-fitting, and come quite down to the waist behind this spring.

The brocades worn at the Drawing Rooms this year will be very brilliant in



AFTERNOON GOWN

colour and design. Everything will be early Victorian—decisive yet decorous tints, quaintly formal designs, stripes either regular or irregular, and flowers such as moss roses and forget-me-nots that were in vogue in the forties and fifties. Of course the latter style, the loose, easy, unconventional design in few tones, is not, and will not likely be, wholly ousted. There is one design of single

daffodils in a sweet sober pink, on a pearly grey ground, that is genuinely æsthetic, and clusters of lilac, laburnum and green leaves on white satin is good in design if, perhaps, a trifle vivid in colour. Heliotrope and old rose is a new combination that will be much used. As to make, it has not varied much yet, but we notice in bodices that come below the waist a tendency to vary them by



OPERA CLOAK

cutting them all round into tabs, or conventional leaf-like twirls. In Paris they have a fancy for a very deep sharp point in front. Several Drawing Room gowns were made with vests, the bodice descending below the waist in front in two deep square tabs on either side of a vest. A border of passementerie usually divided the vest (which was really part of the

bodice) from the bodice. In one dress of black satin, however, the vest was a full soft one of fine lace, with soft belt of black satin crossing it at the waist in front.

A charming little evening dress for a girl is of white tulle spangled with silver sequins. A ruche of white satin ribbon set between two of tulle encircles the

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AT THE "FARTHEST NORTH."

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EVENING BODICE

skirt, and a sash of pale blue satin ribbon with long ends gives a deliciously infantile effect. Knots of pale blue velvet ribbon and forget-me-nots alternate round the corsage, and the butterfly sleeves of white tulle have silver butterflies poised upon the shoulders.

Some little novelties have been found in the weddings this year. One bride wore with a high white silk dress a pale

blue sash and big brown velvet picture hat. A very pretty wedding was all in tones of grey, the bride wore a travelling dress of pale grey and a big bouquet of white lilac and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were in pale grey and white chiffon, and the only relief was the cherry and white ribbons with which their bouquets were tied.

There is something charmingly original

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THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS:



SPRING COAT AND SKIRT

in grey, and it is a wonder that it is only used on these occasions when recent bereavements compel it.

Our illustrations this month include a blouse, two dresses, and a cloak. The blouse is of pale green glacé silk trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon and black Valenciennes lace. The belt, with its coquettish bow at the left side, is of black satin ribbon, and the whole is

charmingly suitable for the theatre and a quiet evening. The high evening bodice worn with the black and white striped silk skirt is of white chiffon over pale pink silk, and the yellow guipure bolero is mounted on pink satin and edged with soft quillings of pink chiffon. The black velvet band clasped with a paste button at the throat is a very effective touch, and the happy owner has just

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judiciously raised her skirt to show its frilled pink silk lining.

The afternoon gown in the next illustration is of dove-grey cashmere cloth, and the upper part of the bolero is of white moiré embroidered with fine gold cord. The under-bodice is of white chiffon over heliotrope with lines of narrow gold passementerie running down it. The belt is of a deeper shade of petunia satin ribbon, and the petunia

straw toque is trimmed with pansies in a delightful variety of shades.

The lovely full evening cloak in our last illustration is of a pale petunia face-cloth edged with mink and lined with a pink and white shot glacé silk. The full shoulder cape is of white chiné silk, with a faint impressionistic design of blurred roses and green leaves upon it, and the lace scarf which gives it such distinction is of yellow Chantilly lace.

